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ALL
GIRLS

CALLING ALL GIRLS

JUNE 1947 10¢



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FROM YOU to US



WE ALWAYS like to know what you think, and we are glad to publish excerpts from some of your letters. We wish we had space to print all of them. We hope more and more of you will write us—tell us what you like about the magazine, what you don't like, what you want to see in future issues. Though we can't answer all your letters, we give each one thoughtful consideration. When you write us, address your letters to From You to Us Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

Shutter-bugs

The article, "Your Career in Photography," in the April issue fascinated me. That is right up my line as my dad is a "shutter-bug" and therefore so am I. I read him the parts which interested me and now I have a job for the summer as his filing clerk and salesman, pardon me, saleswoman. And just think! A career in what I had considered would go no further than a hobby!

Dad has a darkroom in which I spend the majority of my spare time. I love photography and am particularly interested in the part headed in your article, "Photo Agency." At the present my ambition is to soon be photographer for the high school Annual.

M. J. A., Port Gibson, Miss.

Fewer growing pains

"What It Means to Grow Up" in the April issue meant very much to me. It made me understand myself and the difficulties I sometimes face. . . .

Our high school is not co-ed, therefore we're not mixed with boys very much. The Y. W. C. A. sponsors an "open house" every Saturday night, though. I've only been three times and before I read the article I felt very depressed because only a few of the boys asked me to dance, while other girls stayed on the dance floor all evening. . . . Now I know it's your personality that counts.

B. B., Charleston, N. C.

Your article, "What It Means to Grow Up," gave me courage. I never thought including boys in my social life was such a good idea but now I have changed my thoughts. I have tried taking part in activities with boys and now I know how to get along with them.

J. D., Chicago, Ill.

There's a difference

In reply to S. C., North Brad-dock, Pa. (April issue) I really don't think you have to be the "goody kind" to be nice to teach-

ers and to show manners at school. She must be the follow-the-leader type if she can't think things out and realize that in the end it pays.

S. T., Billings, Mont.

That is the question

"Love Story" in your April issue was silly. It was a nice story but sixteen-year-old girls falling in love amazes me. Have boy-friends, sure, but that is going too far.

No name or address

A friend indeed

I've spent the last thirteen months in a hospital. All that time C. A. G. has been a welcome friend. I'm the only teen-ager in a ward of eighteen women so you can readily see that I crave the companionship of other teen-agers. That's where my C. A. G. comes in. It's almost as good as having a girl-friend here entertaining me when I read my magazine.

I've wanted for a long time to tell you how much I appreciate this magazine. It has been to me a combination textbook and guide to the business of growing up. It has helped immeasurably in giving me a good start toward adulthood. Believe me, when I have daughters of my own, I'll be sure they have C. A. G.

P. H., Orange, Calif.

No "apple-polishing" necessary

For my part I think that the article, "Will the Class Please Come to Order" was very interesting. Our class at school is very bad. Some of the boys and girls talk back to the teacher and do not obey her, though she tries to be good to them. If you are the "goody kind" you aren't considered as dirt, because that is what you are expected to be. So after reading the article, I will try to be better toward my teacher and friends.

L. C., Roseville, Calif.

Hi-bo Silver

I liked the article "Ridin' High." I like Cowboys very much also their music.

P. A., Greenfield, Mass.



Secret Language

Dad and she didn't understand each other any more, Dana thought—and found that sometimes one can speak without words

By BERYL WILLIAMS

Author of "Fashion Is Our Business"

WILL YOU put the salad on the table, Dana? And then call your father and Tim?"

"Yes, Mom." Dana took the big wooden bowl from Mrs. Hauser and moved toward the dining room. It was her favorite kind of salad, but tonight she stared down at it abstractedly as if she didn't see it at all.

"If I wait until after supper, maybe I can get Dad alone," she was thinking. "That would be better, in a way. But on the other hand, if I ask him in front of everybody . . ."

Automatically she walked through the screen door out onto the side porch.

"Dad!" she called. "Tim! Supper!"

"O.K. Coming." It was Tim's voice that answered. He sounded busy, and as if he hated to be interrupted.

"Those two," Dana thought bleakly. "Whenever they're together they have the most wonderful time. But when I'm with Dad . . ."

If she just had the nerve, she told herself, she wouldn't speak to her father about the Dads' Dinner at all. Her club had never planned one before. Usually only the boys' organizations did. So maybe he wouldn't even know this one was going to take place. And yet surely somebody would tell him—lots of the men he knew had daughters among the Hi-Girls—and then he'd think it was odd Dana hadn't invited him.



"Oh, Daddy," Dana whispered. "Now, now," he said. "It's nothing to cry about."

"But he'll hate going to it," Dana thought. "And I won't have any fun either. It isn't that Daddy's not wonderful. It's just . . ."

She didn't seem to be able to finish any of her thoughts tonight.

Watching her father and her brother coming toward the house from their workshop in the garage, she tried not to be envious. It was perfectly natural that Daddy should like Tim best, of course. Perfectly natural. Most fathers felt that way about their sons, probably. And after all, she was closer to Mother than Tim was, in lots of ways.

When the Hauser family went somewhere in the car, for example, they always paired off the same way—Dad and Tim in front, Dana and her mother on the back seat. And it was fine that way. Mrs. Hauser and Dana always had things to talk about—school and clothes and—well, clothes, mostly. Dana liked to try to design them, and her mother was interested, too. So that was all right.

But it would be marvelous if, just once, she could feel that same sense of closeness with her father. If, when something like a Dads' Dinner came along, she were eager to have him with her, and knew he was just as eager to go.

She supposed it was her own fault. She couldn't talk about carpentry and fishing, the things Dad and Tim talked about. Why, they almost sounded as if they had a secret language that nobody else knew. Even when Dana had tried to read books on the subjects, and then quoted stuff she'd read, it just sounded silly somehow.

"He must think I'm stupid," she thought dimly. "Oh, dear, why did the gang ever decide to have that old dinner anyway?"

Her cheeks were a little pink from nervousness when the family sat down at the table a few minutes later.

"But Dad, why not make them ten inches, as long as we have the lumber?" Tim was saying, evidently carrying on an argument begun earlier. His eyes were bright and his brown hair was stubbornly upright.

"Because they'd stick out too far. Your mother would bump her head on them when she was standing in front of the refrigerator."

"Yes, but Dad, look how much more they'd hold. And Mom would get used to them. Wouldn't you?" He gave his mother a quick glance and then turned back. "Then we could take the narrower boards and knock together that little cabinet we need in the shop."

"But the wider stuff will be better for that."

"Oh, all right. Have it your own way," Tim grinned in his defeat, and turned his attention to his food.

Dana tried to imagine herself saying that to her father, but it was impossible. If she spoke to

Dad in that tone of voice, it would sound impudent and rude. Tim and Dad could say almost anything to each other, because they were such good friends.

Suddenly Dana became aware that the table was silent. The pause seemed made especially for her. And in the same instant she had the sudden wonderful thought that if she and her father *did* go to the dinner together, it might be the beginning of a new relationship between them. In some miraculous way they might have such a good time that they would decide to do lots of things together in the future.

She took a quick breath. "Dad," she began.

"Say, Tim . . ." Mr. Hauser's words coincided exactly with her own. Both of them stopped.

"Sorry, Dana," he said. "Go ahead."

"Oh, no, Dad. You finish."

They smiled at each other, a rather tentative smile. Like well-bred strangers, Dana thought.

Then after a moment Mr. Hauser went on. "Well, I was just going to ask you, Tim," he turned toward his son, "when you thought would be a good week end for that camping trip. How about the one after next?"

"Terrific!" Tim's face lit up. "The sooner the better. And say—let's try out that new patented kindling stuff, shall we? It wouldn't be much trouble to carry along."

"All right. Remind me to get some. We'd better make up a list of the stuff we want to take this time."

"I'll say we'd better." Tim laughed. "Remember the time we went off without any matches at all—and we both spent a couple of hours rubbing dampish sticks together before we could eat?"

They laughed together in mutual recollection, and Mrs. Hauser laughed with them affectionately.

Only Dana was silent.

"Would you—would you be leaving Friday night?" she finally asked quietly.

Friday night was the Dads' Dinner.

For one long moment her father looked up and met her eyes, as if he were trying to figure something out. And then, when Dana had glanced awkwardly down at her plate again, he said slowly, "Why yes, I guess so. Unless . . ."

"Oh-oh! Wait a minute." Tim dived into his pocket and came up with a small notebook he always carried. It had all sorts of tables and charts in it—he and his father were always settling arguments by its authority—but it contained a calendar, too. That was what he consulted now.

"O.K.," he announced shortly. "Our Father and Son Dinner—you know, the club's, Dad—is Thursday night. So we can get to that and still leave Friday."

"So you're taking me, are you?"

"I thought I might as well. After all, you're the only father I've got." Tim tossed it off with elaborately feigned boredom.

Mr. Hauser grinned at him, and then turned to Dana.

"Now it's your turn," he reminded her. "What was it you were going to say when I so rudely interrupted you?"

Dana pretended to be too engrossed serving herself seconds on beans to look up. "Nothing," she murmured. "I mean—nothing."

"You've forgotten? Oh, I'm sorry, Dana. I should have let you have the floor first."

"It wasn't anything important," Dana said.

Because of course she couldn't ask him now.

Dad had apparently heard about her own club's dinner, and had arranged the week end on purpose. So that was that. He probably thought it would be kinder than letting her invite him, and then refusing.

Dana ate with small bites, so it would be easier to swallow.

There were a good many awkward moments to live through during the next two weeks. All the club members except Dana seemed to be going to the dinner, and they kept talking about it all the time.

Dana explained that her father would be out of town that night. She didn't lie about it, but she hoped they'd think it would be on a business trip. If they knew the circumstances, and that she hadn't even invited him—well, it would seem strange. Most girls, she supposed, would have asked their fathers anyway—would have expected them to cancel anything that stood in the way of acceptance.

And Mr. Hauser would have done that, too, Dana was sure, if she'd asked him to. But if he didn't want to come, she certainly . . .

On the Thursday evening of Tim's club dinner, Dana sat at home with her mother and they made over a skirt. Dana had had an inspiration some time ago about how to remodel her old plaid number into something really super. And as they sat working together she tried to recapture her first excitement in the idea.

But her mind kept wandering. The dinner committee was having its final meeting at Lols' that night, preparing the place cards.

"We can get the waistband out of this piece, Dana. What luck!" her mother said happily. "This was a good idea—a really clever one, darling."

Dana smiled back at her.

"You're getting to be my favorite designer," Mrs. Hauser went on. She handed Dana the scissors at the exact moment that Dana needed them. "I think I'll ask you to help me remodel that blue crepe of mine. I'd about decided it was hopeless, but I wouldn't be surprised if you could do something with it." (Continued on page 42)



MAKE WAY FOR McALLISTER

Have you been lonely for Lon? So have millions of other girls, waiting to welcome back this boy next door. But boys next door were never like this!

By ELIZABETH NICHOLS, Movie Editor

SPELLING not being one of our better skills, we once left out the second "c" in Lon's name. That was back in March, 1944, and we were forcibly reminded of it by indignant readers. Come to think of it, though, the stack of protest letters never did reach as high as it did after you received the June, 1943 copy of your well-thumbed magazine. It was in that issue that we first used a picture of Lon in Stage Door Canteen and because we had only four small lines in which to get in the title of the picture and the names of top stars such as Helen Hayes and Katharine Cornell, we didn't identify the McCallister lad, whereupon you showed your aptitude for talent scouting by writing in to ask his name and

what picture would you see him in next? That next was Home in Indiana, which not only endeared Lon to the whole movie-going public but also made stars out of two unknown actresses, Jeanne Crain and June Haver.

Right now Lon and June are working on another film by the author of Home in Indiana, George Agnew Chamberlain. It's also a farm picture, with the title Scudda Hoo, Scudda Hay, which is muledrivers' talk, meaning gee and haw.

All these farm boy roles might lead you to suppose that Lon is one of those city fellers with a yen for a bit of land of his own. Instead, Lon's dream is of the boundless elements of sea and air and to acquire

the navigational skill to know exactly where one is geographically without a landmark.

But to get back to the stardust Lon seems to trail wherever he goes. It began on the set of Stage Door Canteen in which Lon played the part of a solitary guy from California who wanders into the Canteen run by New York's stage actors to pass a lonely (Continued on page 60)



Right: If you want to be able to carry on a conversation with Lon, you'd better study up on navigation, landlubber!

Below: Lon enjoys nothing more than walking around the house minus his shoes. No tacks around, let's hope!



Above: Lon turned amateur interior decorator when he decided to do his room over. New paint job came first.

Below: Peggy Ann Garner shares honors with Lon in the Twentieth Century-Fox production of "Bob, Son of Battle."



Your Best Playsuit Has a Matching Coat

By NANCY PEPPER
Fashion Editor

Summer equivalent of a Date Dress is a very individual playsuit with matching coat. You save time for special week ends as for the momentous day He's going to meet you on the beach for a sunny date. Below, left—Front-belted, flared-back coat over a midriff blouse-suit, all in Peter Pan dumdumee. Right—Back-buttoned, mirrored-woodland coat with swirly ballerina skirt over a matching midriff playsuit with rickrack. Of Peter Pan cotton print. Each ensemble, by Young Things, about \$15 complete at Union Co., Columbus, O. Reported Spuds in their test.

Below, left—White cotton coat with bands of aqua and yellow. Starting midriff playsuit in two-color harlequin-effect. About \$7 each. By Barbara Boyd at Jock's, San Antonio, Tex. Right—Black and pinstriped Dan River Cotton is a belted coat and blouse playsuit by Tootsies, about \$6 each. There's a matching dirdid skirt, too, about \$4, at Schuster's Milwaukee. Tablets of Everlast cotton on their feet. Send for our ensembles, sizes 10 to 16, by mail, or look for them at stores on page 66.



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suits to swim **IN**
not **OUT OF!**





IN

their answers to our fashion questionnaires, our Hi-Style Scouts have been pleading for bathing suits that will stay put, no matter how active they are on the beach or in the water. Here's our solution to the problem of meandering midriffs—one-piece suits that have you covered and stay that way. Members of the Coke Sesh at The Broadway Department Store, CALLING ALL GIRLS Headquarters in Los Angeles, model them on the California beach. On the opposite page our gay quintet of teen-agers is, from left to right, Jackie Clark, Barbara Van Schoiack, Ellen Kliever, Diane Ware, and Joan Ford. They gave all our suits a thorough workout, in and out of the water, and never once did they have to worry about slipping and drooping. They're our Cover-Up Girls for Summer, 1947.

OUT OF

the water or in, our one-piecers are dependable. Left to right, opposite (and in action on this page): Catalina's palm-tree pattern in Celanese and lastex, about \$13. Jantzen's peach skin in lastex with midriff back, about \$8. Fish-print satin lastex by Teen Age, about \$7. Jantzen's new petti-point with lastex, about \$7. Rayon jersey print with wool knit, by McKem, about \$8. Caps by Kleinart. All at The Broadway Department Stores, Los Angeles, Hollywood and Pasadena, and many stores on page 66.

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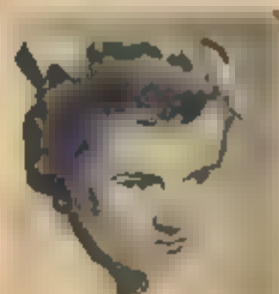
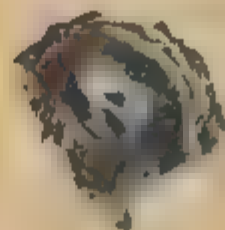
Hot Weather Hair Dos

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Hot Weather



Hair Dos

A long barette draws Peggy's adaptable page boy into a George Washington hair-do. She finds this arrangement equally smart for sports or sophisticated dress-up and she collects barrettes the way most girls collect charm bracelets.



By LOUISE CARLISLE, Good Looks Editor

Do you spend the best part of your summer vacation all twisted up in pin curls under a bandanna? Do you rush home from the beach, while the gang is still having fun, because the heat and the swimming have played havoc with your hairdo and you can't keep your date with Tom looking as limp as an old ice cream cone, and twice as Drippy? It's fine to have hair on your Head, but why have it on your Mind all vacation? With the help of your favorite teenage movie star, Peggy Ann Garner, let's see if we can't get you all Set for Summer!



Peggy Ann starts her center part behind her front fluff, draws each side into a cluster and ties with little bows to match her outfit. It's her favorite arrangement for active summer sports.

Start with a Basic Hot Weather Hair-Do, like the medium length page boy designed for Peggy Ann Garner by the Twentieth Century-Fox hair stylists. It's short enough to be cool and manageable; long enough to be versatile. The big trick of the cutting and shaping is the convertible bang top that can be brushed back into a soft dip. A soft permanent gives the ends enough body to stay curled, keeps the top smooth and shining. Peggy Ann is not only all Set for Summer, but Set for the hot studio lights, under which there's No Wilting Allowed. Her next Twentieth Century-Fox film is "Bob, Son of Battle."





These telephone operators handle calls that reach to points all over the world.

FROM HIGH SCHOOL TO JOB

By EVELYN MURRAY

Consultant for Placement and Counseling,
New York State Employment Service



High-school art courses can be a big help in starting a girl on her way to becoming an expert draftsman like this one who works for a commercial air line.

THERE is an old-fashioned story about the mother who wanted her son to be a "lawyer or nothing." He couldn't be a lawyer, so he was nothing. The choices are wider than being a private secretary, a nurse, a teacher, or nothing. The United States Employment Service Dictionary of Occupational Titles lists over 21,000 different jobs with over 35,000 different titles. Probably about 9,000 of these jobs could be done by girls who are high-school graduates. Don't let anyone tell you that there is only one job in the world for you. Without knowing anything about you, I know that there are many different

kinds of work which you can do.

Are you anxious to be a career girl after you leave high school? Of course, everyone who can possibly afford to do it should consider college if she is an average or above average student in high school. But work can be fun no matter when you start it. Someone may try to rush you into deciding what you want to do, but take your time. It's never too early to start looking around if you want to work when you graduate from high school. Begin looking at the older girls and women around you and notice how they are earning a living. Can you see yourself doing what

they do? Would you like to work in a store, a restaurant, a hospital, a factory, or an office? Keep an open mind until you know more about all the possibilities. In order to decide you have to know a lot about a job and a lot about yourself. Let us consider some of the choices.

Sales work is one of the jobs you can do with a general high-school education. It's a nice job, and one that pays about the same as unskilled office work. In order to sell well, you have to like people even when they're not at their best. You have to like them well enough to be patient with them when they are fussy and

These key punch operators started their training in high school and then got further training on the job



On a sub-assembly line this meticulous young worker puts very small screws in the balance wheels of watches.



Butcher? Baker? Candlestick maker? But that's not what you want to be? Well, there are plenty of jobs to choose from. If you're going to look for one as soon as you finish high school, perhaps one of these is for you

demanding. You have to be quick and develop poise in dealing with them. A pleasant, neat appearance is required, too. It all adds up to desirable traits to have anyway. You want to be that kind of person whether or not you go in for sales work. Read in your school library about the job of selling, or merchandising as the moderns call it. It may be for you. If your school gives a course in retail trades, take it. Girls with sales experience can usually get work. It is the kind of job, too, that girls can do part-time after they have their own homes.

Why don't you try yourself out, and see what working in a store is like? If you are too young to get a sales job, perhaps you could get a job as a packer, a checker or a marker after school or Saturday, or even during the summer.

Of course, it might be more fun to sell some objects than others, but the stores usually like girls who are willing to sell anything. Don't insist on the perfume or book counter when you are applying. Selling is a job that many women enjoy, even when their feet are tired at night so think about it. The salesgirl works

(Continued on page 44)



Testing the breaking strength of yarn is important in a textile mill, but a girl fresh out of high school can easily learn to do it and well, too.

Some high schools give courses to prepare girls for work in the needle trades. Through actual experience these students are learning how to fit blouses.

Crackers come from ovens to the women on this packaging line who arrange them for boxes. This is only one of the many kinds of jobs working with food.



Photos from *Wide World*, the Women's Bureau of the U. S. Department of Labor, and the Central High School of Needle Trades, New York City

ALL

ABOARD

By Louise Carlisle
Good Looks Editor

Yes, you breathe a sigh of relief as the last book is checked in and the last goodbye said. Ahead of you lie three wonderful months of sun, air, and leisure. You want to swim, sail, and acquire a super tan (even if your vacation is limited to your own backyard). May we suggest some always shared your vacation special to keep you cool, comfortable, and clean this summer? We're sure one of your first vacation resolutions is to acquire a wonderful, tattering sun tan. Yes, a sun tan is super terrific, but the degree of tan should depend on your skin type. Whatever your type, it's good advice to start tanning gradually with five minutes of exposure. In a day or two, take ten minutes of sun. After a week you'll be ready to stand a half hour of sun time. If, in spite of all your precautions, you suddenly find yourself turning an ugly lobster-red, treat sore spots on shoulders, neck, knees, and backs of legs with a soothing, healing cream. Unless you want to encourage squint lines, freckles, and an elephant-like hide, sunbathing equipment should always include a good pair of coated sun glasses and a sun-protecting lotion or sun oil.

Summer sprays bring added zest, perspiration, and stickiness. You'll find yourself looking more licker than usual to keep clean, fresh, and cool. Substitute tepid showers or baths for steamy tubs. Don't rub, but gently pat your body dry with a thin absorbent towel rather than a bulky Turkish one. Apply a cold, lightly scented eau de Cologne (keep it in the suitcase), and dust lightly with baby powder or a matching fragrance. And now you're ready for your deodorant or anti-perspirant. This is a greenning "must" so that you'll be clean and fresh always. Once you get into your bathing suit, you'll wish you had taken time out for better care of your feet and your toenails. Never shave your toenails unevenly, even shaving encourages ingrown nails. Cut them straight across, and smooth the rough edges with an emery board. If a nail is stubborn, wrap an orange-wood stick in cotton, saturate it with nail-clip remover, and work around the inside edge of the nail. Rinse well and push back loosened material with a towel. Hard calluses and pieces of skin yield miraculously to the touch of good pumice stone. Keep it handy in the bathroom, and while you're

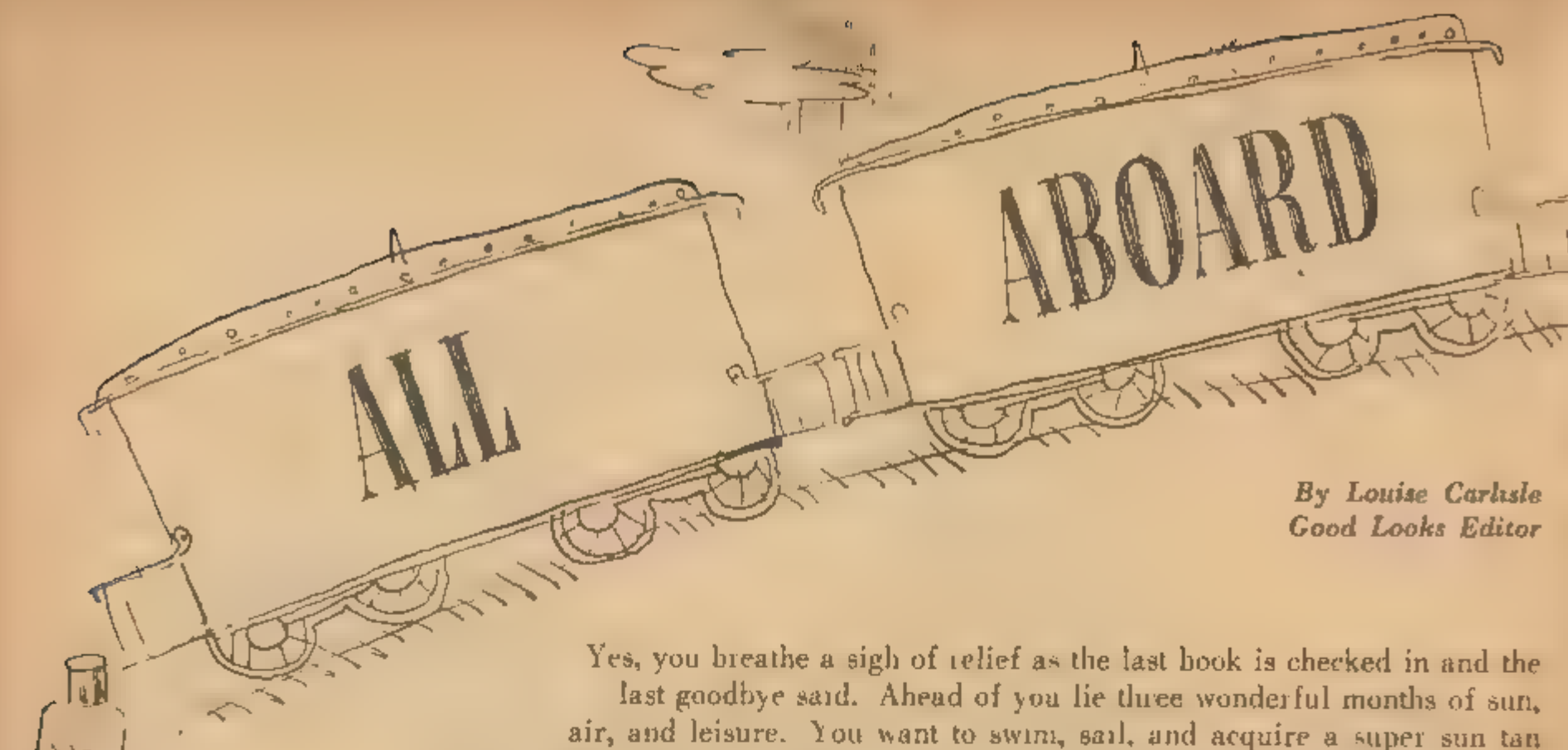
SUMMER

SPECIAL

Don't forget to include good grooming in your vacation plans

at the tan give your heels and the balls of your feet a vigorous rubbing. Polish on your toenails is a matter of personal preference. Dainty pink toes are an addition to your bathing suit accessories, but polish applications at the beach are a definite no-no. For protection and keep your toes nicely protected. City vacations can be exciting and glamorous, but they usually involve a lot of walking on hot pavements. Change your shoes often and air them on the window sill after each wearing. Fresh socks and stockings make for foot comfort as well as cleanliness. After a day of shopping, hiking, or tennis, sit on the side of your bathtub and treat your feet to an alternate hot and cold foot bath. To stimulate circulation, wiggle your toes as the water splashes over them. Dry thoroughly and sprinkle talcum or a deodorant foot powder on your feet, especially in between your toes. After this care they'll be ready to go into a filtering routine. With summer exposure comes the question of freckles, age spots, and sunburns. Most teenagers don't have the opportunity to take care of their skin, but if you do, use a good sun oil or cream. Just a dab of it on your face and neck is all that's needed. Freckles may be cherished to it for life. But if you don't like them, dark growth of hair you may want to remove by bleaching method. Mix equal one teaspoon of white lemon juice, alcohol, peroxide with two drops of ammonia and make a smooth paste. Apply this frothy cream to your legs. Allow it to dry and then wash it off. If bleaching is unsatisfactory, use a razor for shaving legs and underarms. Carry these suggestions aboard your vacation special, and you'll stay cool, clean, and comfortable all summer long.

Are you self-conscious about your legs? Write for our new booklet, *Changable Chromatic*, for tips on perfecting their appearance. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Good Looks Department 46, Caring All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Avenue, New York, N. Y.



ABOARD

ALL

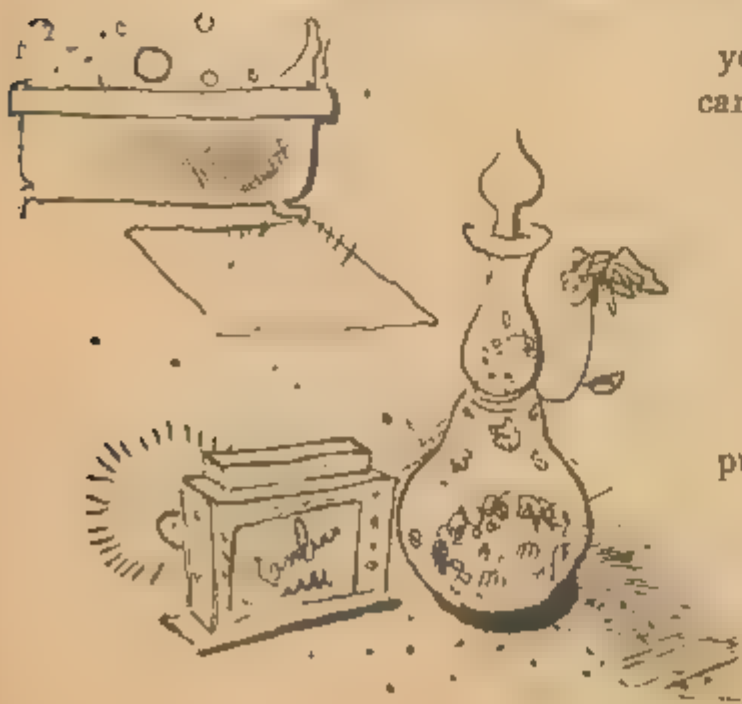
*By Louise Carlisle
Good Looks Editor*



Yes, you breathe a sigh of relief as the last book is checked in and the last goodbye said. Ahead of you lie three wonderful months of sun, air, and leisure. You want to swim, sail, and acquire a super sun tan (even if your vacation is limited to your own backyard). May we suggest some stowaways aboard your vacation special to keep you cool, comfortable, and clean this summer? We're sure one of your first vacation resolutions is to acquire a wonderful, flattering sun tan. Yes, a sun tan is super terrific, but the degree of tan should depend on your skin type. Whatever your type, it's good sense to start tanning gradually with five minutes of exposure. In a day or two, take ten minutes of sun. After a week you'll be ready to stand a half hour of sun time. If, in spite of all your precautions, you suddenly find yourself turning an ugly lobster-red, treat sore spots on shoulders, neck, knees, and backs of legs with a cooling, healing cream. Unless you want to encourage squint lines, freckles, and an elephant-like hide, suntanning equipment should always include a good pair of tinted sun glasses and a sun-screening lotion or sun oil.



Summer's arrival brings added heat, perspiration, and stickiness. You'll find yourself taking more baths than usual to keep clean, fresh, and cool. Substitute tepid showers or baths for steamy tubs. Don't rub, but gently pat your body dry with a thin absorbent towel rather than a husky Turkish one. Apply a cold, lightly scented eau de cologne (keep it in the icebox), and dust lightly with bath powder in a matching fragrance. And now you're ready for your deodorant or anti-perspirant. This is a grooming "must" so that you'll be dainty and fresh always. Once you get into your bathing suit, you'll wish you had taken time out for better care of your feet and your toenails. Never shape your toenails ovally; such shaping encourages ingrown nails. Cut them straight across, and smooth the rough edges with an emery board. If cuticle is stubborn, wrap an orangewood stick in cotton, saturate it with cuticle remover, and work around the inside edge of the nail. Rinse well and push back loosened cuticle with a towel. Hard calluses and pieces of skin yield miraculously to the tune of good pumice stone. Keep it handy in the bathroom, and while you're



A whimsical illustration of a train. The first car is a flatbed carrying a large sign that says 'SUMMER'. The second car is another flatbed carrying a large sign that says 'SPECIAL'. The train is moving from left to right. In the background, there are clouds and a small building. In the foreground, there is a steam locomotive pulling the flatbeds. The locomotive is emitting a large plume of smoke. The entire scene is drawn in a simple, sketchy style.

SUMMER

SPECIAL

Don't forget to include good grooming in your vacation plans

in the tub give your heels and the balls of your feet a vigorous rubbing. Polish on your toenails is a matter of personal preference. Dainty pink toes are an addition to your bathing suit appearance, but polish application takes time. Don't wear it unless you're a perfectionist and keep your toes nicely pedicured! City vacations can be exciting and glamorous, but they usually involve a lot of walking on hot pavements. Change your shoes often and air them on the window sill after each wearing. Fresh socks and stockings make for foot comfort as well as cleanliness. After a day of shopping, hiking, or tennis, sit on the side of your bathtub and treat your feet to an alternate hot and cold foot bath. To stimulate circulation, wiggle your toes as the water splashes over them. Dry thoroughly and sprinkle talcum or a deodorant foot powder on your feet, especially in between your toes. After this care they'll be ready to go into a jitterbug routine. With summer exposure comes the question of defuzzing legs and underarms. Most teen-agers don't have to have a depilatory or a razor for defuzzing, for their hair growth is usually just a downy fuzz. If you're one of these, don't attempt to shave your legs because once started, you'll be chained to it for life. But if you have a hairy, dark growth of hair, you may want to try the bleaching method. Mix about one teaspoon of white henna professional peroxide with two drops of ammonia and make a smooth paste. Apply this frothy cream to your legs. Allow it to dry and then wash it off. If bleaching is unsatisfactory, use a razor for shaving legs and underarms. Carry these suggestions aboard your vacation special, and you'll stay cool, clean, and comfortable all summer long.

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ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!

Here are five more rooms planned especially for you by a group of talented young student designers from the School of Interior Design at Pratt Institute. Comfortable as they are attractive, these rooms are planned to meet your needs not just for today but for lots of tomorrows

By MAXINE LIVINGSTON
Decorating Editor



Above—Gertrude Sullivan, Carl Sigman, instructors, and Konrad F. Witmann, director, present merit awards to students at Pratt Institute

If you remember those four forward-looking rooms which appeared in the August '46 issue of *CALLING ALL GIRLS*, then you'll welcome these additional room schemes by five other young designers from Pratt Institute. Planned with an eye to the future, these rooms will be just as attractive, compact, and practical when you're a junior at college or are starting out in the fascinating world of business.

When we called on this group of young designers at Pratt Institute, we put the problem squarely to them. "How would you make the best use of a 10' x 10' room with windows on two walls, a clothes closet on the third wall, and a (Continued on page 51)



Left—It's done with mirrors, says Muriel Rose. Wall opposite beds is one solid, sparkling mirror,

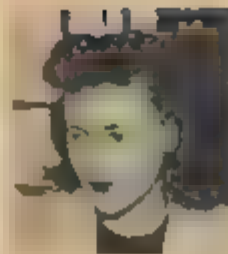
which is splendid for dressing purposes and makes the room appear much larger than it actually is! Beds placed end to side serve as couches in the daytime. There's storage space for blankets and pillows beneath each bed. Built-in cabinets above add decorative note as well as additional room for books and collections. Desks placed parallel to the walls are separated by a cabinet for supplies. Chest of drawers at foot of the bed is used by both girls.



Right—Sally Robb saves floor space by utilizing wall space. Installing built-in shelves on the wall above desk and at the head of each of the two beds leaves plenty of room for two girls to

have their own desks at opposite ends of the room as well as beds which, when separated, take only a few minutes to make. Bulletin board holds flexible study lamp. Two-drawer shelf below mirror serves as vanity for two girls. To make the room seem larger, rest of the wall space is left bare.





Left—Like to entertain? Jeanette Osborn plans for those extra guests! Desk chairs double as comfortable arm-chairs, beds placed foot-to-head form soft ell for sprawling.

Chest of drawers is attractive stand for phonograph, and record library is stored directly above. At night, gay pillows on beds are put away in two-door cabinet next to records. One desk with a hinge top folds over and serves as two, and there's ample drawer space on either side for two girls. Light suspended from ceiling adds extra desk surface.

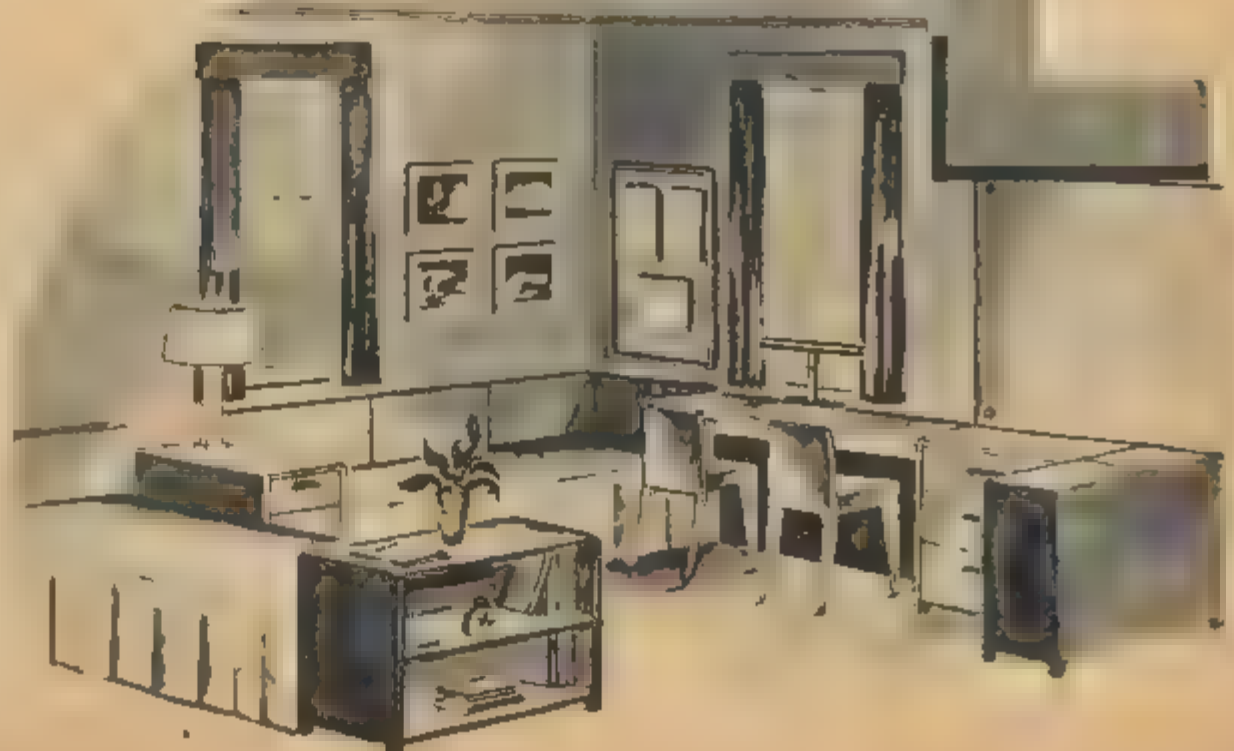


Right—Don Miller keeps furniture, walls, draperies, and furniture covers all one light, cheerful shade to make the room seem larger. Floor covering is dark, and this color is picked up again in the welting on bedspreads and in the lampshades. Chests of drawers, desks, built-in bookcases, and blanket chest with hinged top hold all the many possessions of two teenagers and are as suitable for two business girls.



Right — Solving space problems in a small room is easy when several pieces of furniture

are combined into one sectional unit placed parallel to the wall. Janet Armstrong combines desk and two chairs with chest of drawers and blanket chest with hinged top. Remaining piece of furniture in the unit is a cabinet for extra storage space. Mirror on wall runs around corner, making room appear larger. Two studio couches provide comfortable sitting and sleeping quarters. Table at head of couch has ample drawer space, holds lamp which equally distributes light for both girls to use. Roomy bookcase at foot of other studio couch holds school books, knickknacks, and eye-catching hobby collections.



"Oh, Mr. Shannon—you wouldn't . . ." Could that be Mrs. Webster speaking, that pleading, half-tearful woman?

"I not only would, I will."

"You promised last time . . ."

"That," he cut in, "was last time. Now it's this. And don't try tears on me. I'm immune."

What was it all about? Bunny hardly breathed. She frowned in concentration. Whoever this Mr. Shannon was, she hated him, sight unseen.

"I don't know what to do—I can't get it . . ." The woman's voice became muffled and was lost.

"You'd better try," he said scornfully. "And by Wednesday night."

"Oh, please, I . . ."

"Never mind all that sob stuff. It's twenty grand—or else! I'll be here by eight."

The woman's voice was wild, desperate. "I can't, I tell you. I can't!"

For answer Bunny heard him close the door. Not loudly, which somehow made it all the worse. She rushed to the picture window, hoping to get a look at the creature. He had sounded horrid.

He crossed her line of vision on the way to his car. He was a tall man, with a slight limp. Thin, but with broad shoulders, and wearing a brown suit. But her eyes were caught and held by his hair—thick, waving, bright red hair. Like a flame, she thought.

The car door slammed, and there was the crunch of gravel as the wheels took hold. Bunny came back into the morning room, wondering what to do. She had obviously stumbled onto something she wasn't supposed to know about. Would it be too embarrassing if she stayed on and saw Mrs. Webster anyhow? Would Mrs. Webster realize that she had heard something? Or would it be a real give away if Bunny left now?

But she had promised to deliver the samples and get Mrs. Webster's order, if she was ready to give it. Bunny was still undecided when a voice be-

hind her said suddenly, painfully, "Oh—I didn't know anyone was here!"

Bunny wheeled. Mrs. Webster was trembling visibly. She dabbed once, swiftly, at her eyes with a handkerchief, then made a real effort to control herself. Bunny's heart went out to her. She was a pretty woman; when she was young she must have been very pretty, Bunny thought. Her blond hair had a streak of gray; she was petite and rounded. But it was her eyes that fascinated Bunny—they were so large, so terrified and unhappy.

Bunny said awkwardly, "I'm Bunny Mansfield—from the House of Bosworth. I've brought the chintz samples."

Mrs. Webster looked as if she were trying to make sense of what Bunny said, as if she had to bring her thoughts back from far away.

"The House of Bosworth?" she repeated.

"You wanted to choose new coverings for a sofa and some sun-room chairs," Bunny said gently. It was like talking to a child.

"Oh yes—yes."

"Would you like me to go over them with you?"

"I . . ." Mrs. Webster's distracted eyes moved about the room, as if seeking some escape. "I haven't time—I don't know . . ."

Bunny said, after a moment, "Would you rather I left them, and called again later?"

"Oh yes!" Mrs. Webster said

with a distraught air. "Leave them. Perhaps I can come in next week."

Bunny felt terribly sorry for her, but there was nothing she could do. The door burst open, and a girl in riding clothes rushed in.

"Mums, it was wonderful! Oh, I didn't know you had someone here."

Mrs. Webster's face lightened momentarily at sight of her daughter. It was easy to see that she adored her.

"It's quite all right, Elspeth. Did you have a good ride?"

"Simply keen! Midnight's a lamb . . . Mums, what's the matter?"

"Matter, dear?"

"Your eyes . . ."

Mrs. Webster managed a smile, but to Bunny it was more pathetic than if she had cried.

"Nothing, dear, I think it's my sinus again."

Bunny got up. Mrs. Webster turned to her.

"Tell Miss Bosworth I'll let her know, or drop in when I can," she said vaguely. As Bunny went out the door, Mrs. Webster added hurriedly, "Thank you for coming." Bunny closed the door softly, aware that she had walked into some kind of tragic situation, wondering what lay behind it.

There was no one in the hall and Bunny let herself out. In the station wagon she thought disgustedly, "I'm a dope! Here I was, crazy to give the house the once-over, and I sailed through without even seeing what the other rooms

were like! Oh, well," she consoled herself after a moment, "I'll probably be up this way again. I'll have to be—I have to find what all this is about."

A head popped up beside her. "Oh gosh. Val, how you scared me! What are you doing here?"

Val Conant grinned at her. "I thought I saw you drive up in this swanky buggy. I'm weeding the lawn, if you must know. How do you like your new job?"

"Swell!" she said enthusiastically. "What
(Continued on page 62)



"That's what I like about George—he's so romantic!"

WELL MET

Let friendliness be your guide in introductions—and here are some simple rules for what to say

by MARTHA ROSS



MEETING new people is exciting. But all too often the mere thought of an introduction brings on such a panic that no hole is big enough to hide your confusion.

Until everyone starts wearing name tags, those things called formal introductions will keep cropping up like the Dragon Lady. So we are left with no choice but to sit down with the formalities and memorize them thoroughly. Once you have the formal rules well under control, you can relax and enjoy introducing or meeting people with cheerful charm.

There are two basic rules to remember:

Present the younger to the older when introducing two women or two men.

Present the man to the woman in mixed company.

All right—there is an exception. When the man is markedly older or distinguished (the mayor, perhaps?) present the young woman to him, out of deference to his position in life.

In practice, it comes out something like, "Mrs. Jackson, may I introduce Miss Simpson?" or "Carol, I'd like you to know Bob Black. Bob, this is Carol Clay."

Try not to repeat the same phrase on each round, "Mrs. Jackson, may I introduce Miss Simpson. Miss Simpson, may I introduce Mrs. Jackson." You'll sound like a broken record gone haywire. It's perfectly good taste to skim the whole thing down to "Mrs. Jackson, Miss Simpson," and let it go at that.

Do say the names plainly, however. Come forth with a mumbled "Mrs. Jaasn, Miss Sssps" and you leave the poor people worse off than they were before; presumably introduced but still not knowing the first thing about one another, their names!

With your family, you get off a little easier. All you need to say is "Mother, this is Jane Harvey," period. There's no need to give your parent's name unless it is different from your own. But don't cut routine to "Father, meet Joe Brown."

And just to avoid the awkward pause when people stand around smiling stupidly at each other wondering what to say, you might throw in a little conversation bait. For instance, "Dr. White, may I present my sister, Mrs. Gray? Rhoda is here on a visit from

(Continued on page 53)



be

your

own





dirndl decorator

Remember that Dirndl design contest in the January issue? The results are the Ververay bordered rayon by Marvelo Fabrics from Brighton Mills that you buy by the yard complete with its heart border pattern and the Dirndl Decorator Paint Set, with eight stencils inspired by the prize-winning designs, with which you can decorate your own skirt of plain cotton or rayon.

At left, see how your dirndl will look made up in the Marvelo fabric with Ververay heart border. In black with red hearts, about \$2 per yard. You'll need only one and three-quarter yards. If you can't find it locally, you may order by mail from Gambels, Philadelphia, Pa., or Harry S. Manchester, Madison, Wis.

Above, see how your skirt will look when you make it of plain fabric and paint on your own border pattern. Dirndl Decorator Paint Set by Turco, \$1.29 at Famous Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo., and Hale Brothers, San Francisco, Calif.

Make your skirt from Simplicity Pattern 1261 sizes 11 to 18 at 15c including peasant blouse. Obtain from local dealers or send cash direct to Patterns, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Congratulations to the contest winners, who received CALLING ALL GIRLS Cover-Girl scarfs and became Hi-Style Scouts. They are Marilyn Connor, Caruthersville, Mo.; Beryl Eddy, Los Angeles, Calif.; Elaine Goldman, Lewiston, Me.; Val Hal Kirk, Winnipeg, Canada; Rita Hazuka, Omaha, Neb.; Mary Hay, Borger, Tex.; Carol Krempien, Neenah, Wis.; Frances Leone, Clearfield, Pa.; Joan Malecha, Cicero, Ill.; Margaret Meyers, Walker, Minn.; Billie Miller, Jefferson City, Mo.; Jackie Patterson, Matewan, W. Va.; Jane Parry, Ridgewood, N. J.; Eleanor Reesler, Trenton, N. J.; Nancy Richards, Bloomington, Ind.; Catherine Sansom, Huntsville, Tex.; Helen Schaefer, Reading, Pa.; M. Kapusnik, Chicago, Ill.; Allison Shankland Leonardo, N. J.; Marianna Shepherd, Zanesville, Ohio; Colleen Ubele, Savannah, Ga.; Marilyn Vapt, Fulton, N. Y.; Pat Lou Wehl, Marietta, Ohio; Dorothy White, Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Margaret Younger, Wytheville, Va.

make mine a **black** and **white**

That's what our three CALLING ALL GIRLS Club members said when we photographed them in Audubon Park in New Orleans. Left to right: Joyce Battistella in our front-cover dress by Teen & Paige with white eyelet top and lace-banded black cotton skirt, about \$9. Sally Ann Doskey in white peasant blouse and black cotton dust-ripple skirt by Teenard of Dallas, about \$15 complete. Betty Reuther in Derby's Merry Go-Round skirt in black cotton (comes in red, too), with border of prancing horses, and cotton blouse with rickrack bordered collar, under \$11 complete. All in sizes 10 to 16 in the teen shop of Holmes, New Orleans, and many stores on page 66.



Let's talk things over

with ALICE BARR GRAYSON

Author of "Do You Know Your Daughter?"

I believe too much of what people tell me. I trust most people more than I should. Tell me how can I learn to understand people and not be so "gullible," as my English teacher says.
—Betty U., aged 15, Minnesota.

EARNING to understand people is part of the fun of living. What helps? For one thing—time—time in which to grow older, wiser, more experienced. First of all, Betty has many opportunities to learn what folks are like in her own home which is a place to practice living with parents, brothers, sisters, relatives, friends. She also has a variety of contacts with others at school, on her street, through her church, and in special groups to which she may belong. As younger and older people have opportunities to work and play together they grow more understanding of differences and likenesses among them.

If one had to choose between "trusting most people" and trusting nobody it would be far better to do the former. It's pretty sad to live in suspicion and fear. Many people are trustworthy although we should not expect too much even from them. We are quite certain to be disappointed even in our nearest and dearest if we always expect perfection. Betty might say to herself, "I know that others may say or do unkind, thoughtless things now and then, just as I may myself, hard as I try not to." Then she won't be so easily hurt. Everyone has some "mean" moments, but people aren't fundamentally "mean." We may be pretty sure that the few who are have trouble of their own which may need straightening out.

Just as we have reasons for feeling out of sorts, and do not always act worthy of our best selves, other people have reasons, too. Since Betty cannot expect perfection she must be forgiving. At the same time she should try to do all she can to bring out the nicest



traits in others. She cannot possibly always succeed with everyone. Nobody can expect to. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt said this about friendship. "It is the part of friendship to make life pleasanter, to keep one's word, to give of oneself, and to express the love one feels." If Betty will think of these ideas and try to practice as well as feel good friendship—for a few close friends at first—she will often get back the echo of her own good faith, even if sometimes she will have moments of disappointment. And, gradually, she should feel encouraged to widen the circle, to include more people worthy of her confidence and respect.

For almost a year I have been keeping company with a boy twenty-three years old and I am in love with him. He asked me to marry him. Mother likes him a lot, but I never told her he asked me to be his wife. My friends say I am too young for marriage. Please give me your opinion.—Kay J., aged 17, New York.

Since Kay has been "keeping company" it may not be a surprise to her mother that they think a lot of each other and may want to marry some day. However, Kay's mother may not have expected them to decide about this so soon. And, as Kay herself realizes, most seventeeners are not ready for such an important decision. We cannot know whether Kay is, but she should have her parents' thoughts on the matter.

Young couples sometimes forget that their families have a great stake in their plans, too, and so has society. Good family life is very important to our country and our whole world.

Kay's parents and her young man's parents will want to help them both to decide about getting married. Their parents know how well prepared they are to take on responsibilities for a new home and a new life. Perhaps Kay is smart for her age and would want to continue with her education even if she did marry; perhaps the families would help financially. Perhaps it would be wiser for these young people to become engaged, and wait for a while before naming the day. Sometimes young brides turn into capable marriage partners. Usually, however, it is better for a teen-age girl to give herself more time to grow up to being ready for married life. Surely Kay will wish to consult her parents about all these matters. The fact that they like her boy-friend makes it much easier to talk things through and make sound and reasonable plans together.

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE to share with other girls what you have discovered to be practical ways of solving those teen troubles.

Starting in an early issue of *Calling All Girls*, "Let's Talk Things Over" will give girls an opportunity to say how they have solved many of their difficulties of growing up. If you write soon, your solution may be accepted for the first issue in which this department, which will be edited by Alice Barr Grayson, appears in the new form. State your problem briefly and describe, also briefly, how you solved it. *Calling All Girls* will pay \$1.00 on publication for each contribution accepted. Letters addressed to this department will not be acknowledged or returned. Be sure to give your full name and address and your age on all contributions and address them to Alice Barr Grayson, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

Sorry, but the volume of mail has become so great that Mrs. Grayson can no longer send personal replies to letters addressed to her or to "Let's Talk Things Over." But in this feature you'll see how other girls have answered many of the questions that trouble you.

MOVIES that MATTER

Selected by ELIZABETH NICHOLS
Movie Editor



THE EGG AND I is bound to equal the popularity of Betty MacDonald's book, for the film stars Claudette Colbert who looks enough like the author to be her sister. Fred MacMurray is the other participant in the honeymoon which turns into a chicken farming ordeal. Granted that hens are persnickety, we don't think it's fair of the heroine to blame them because she doesn't know how to cook! Film is both funny and sad. (U.I.)



GREAT EXPECTATIONS has enough story to make three of the summed-up plots many movies get by with. You'd better reserve a copy of the Dickens novel at the library, because after you've seen the film you'll want to read more about Pip and Estella and the mad Miss Havisham. John Mills makes a handsome young Mr. Pip, Valerie Hobson is Estella, and Martita Hunt's vengeful recluse is pure Dickens. (Univ. Inter.)

WELCOME STRANGER introduces Bing Crosby to a medical career in a New England village. For awhile it looks as if Bing should have stayed in California, for the Eastern natives don't approve of his casual, taking ways. You see, he took the town druggist's girl away from him and the old Doc's (Barry Fitzgerald) appendix out, both under protest. Joan Coulfield is the school-teacher Bing beams at, and peering over Joan's shoulder is Wanda Hendrix, a coming teen star, judging from this film. (Para.)





CARNEGIE HALL is the history of New York's famous hall of music as seen through the eyes of Tony Salerno, a charwoman's son who is literally raised in the wings. Encouraged by the great artists who appear at the Hall, he saves to realize his mother's dream of her son's one day appearing on the great stage as a concert pianist. The film is notable for the array of distinguished artists who appear in it. Ezio Pinza and Lily Pons are shown here with William Prince, who plays Tony. This is a music lover's delight. (U.A.)



THE ADVENTURES is an Irish girl bent on getting even with the British for her father's defeat in the rebellion. This very personal hate leads her to spying for the Nazis who give her such delicate jobs as getting rid of a corpse by trundling it through the town in a wheel chair to dump it over an embankment into the sea. Deborah Kerr is the hot-headed Bridie and Trevor Howard the British officer she reluctantly falls in love with. There's lots of gentle laughter. (E. L.)

THE HOMESTRETCH turns Cornel Wilde into a playboy who follows the races in England, South America, and points East, West, North and South in the U.S.A. All this makes for some fascinating Technicolor backgrounds of famous race tracks. But when Maureen O'Hara lures him back to the farm in the film's homestretch it's the beautiful Maryland countryside which is the scene of their fade-out clinch. The most thrilling race is our own Kentucky Derby in which Cornel and Maureen have rival horses racing neck and neck at the finish. (20th C-Fox)



HIGH BARBAREE uses two youngsters to play. Van Johnson as a boy, and they are both so good you are in no hurry at all for Van to grow up. The little tike is Jimmy Hunt. Claude (Judy) Jarman is the frightened lad in the fancy costume. His weakness for taking dares has trapped him into substituting for a circus bicyclist to ride down a chute from the top of the tent, and do a loop besides. (MGM)



W E COULD fill pages and pages with wonderful photos of CALLING ALL GIRLS Club doings this month. Fashion editor Nancy Pepper has been flying out of town every week end to conduct CALLING ALL GIRLS fashion shows and meet Club members, sometimes meeting as many as 1,500 girls at a time! And when Nancy can't be present, the CALLING ALL GIRLS shows go on under the capable supervision of regional Club directors, such as Pam Palmer, director of the CALLING ALL GIRLS Clubs for the Hale Brothers stores in San Francisco, and a friend of practically every teen-ager in the Bay area.

One of the most exciting things to come of CALLING ALL GIRLS Club activities of late have been visits to New York by winners of various CALLING ALL GIRLS Club contests. For instance, we were happy to have a visit from Je-

lane Seafield, who won the fashion board contest conducted by Herpolsheimers, Grand Rapids, Mich., for a whirlwind week end in the teen fashion market. As a guest of CALLING ALL GIRLS, she lunched at the famous Rockefeller Center restaurant overlooking the ice-skating rink. "There's nothing like it in Grand Rapids," she said.

One of the big features of the Gimbels, New York, fashion show was the appearance of Betty McKeever, teen-ager whom we made over in the January CALLING ALL GIRLS. Betty showed that she had

lost fifteen pounds due to CALLING ALL GIRLS' encouragement.

Something new in Club activities was the course in designing at Dunham's, Headquarters Store in Trenton, N. J., which culminated in a design contest. Cover girls Janet Regan and Eileen Howley gave Club members their ideas on good fashion. Each

week another famous teen designer, such as Ronnie Simon of Teena Paige and Anne Fogarty of Youth Guild, conducted the course. It was a terrific success. And, what do you think the door prize winner received at the Edwards', Buffalo, CAG show? A Kitten's Ear Peplum suit!

We're delighted that the CALLING ALL GIRLS Clubs, all sponsored by Official Headquarters. Stores, have contributed so much to your social lives. They've come to mean new friends and fun—in addition to new fashions.

CLUB NEWS



New Hi-Style Scouts at the Harris Co., San Bernardino, Calif., are, left to right: Donna McNally, Barbara Johnson, Joyce Miner, June Olson, Alice Rossiter, and Sonia Walburger.

Below—Models for the Valentine show at Famous-Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo., were the winners of the recent Calling All Girls model contest. Aren't they queens of hearts, though?



Cover girls Janet Regan (at mike) and Eileen Howley help Nancy Pepper open a course in designing for Club members at Dunham's, Headquarters in Trenton, N. J.

Below—Big doin's Saturday mornings in the Teen Shop at the Harris Co., Redlands, Calif., when Club members draw for the "Girl of the Week" title.



A new feature of the **CALLING ALL GIRLS** show presented by The Hecht Co., Washington, D. C., Headquarters in the Presidential Room of the Statler Hotel, was the introduction of the editors of Washington High-School papers, who had been invited as guests of honor. They all drew for a lucky number (Nancy Pepper used her own hat for the drawing), and the winner received a **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Cover Girl Scarf. Of course, the star of The Hecht Co. show was Kathleen Slattery, who won the **CALLING ALL GIRLS** Cover Girl contest and appeared on our March front cover.

Want to become a *Calling All Girls* Club member? You can sign up in the Official Headquarters Store nearest you. (See the list on page 66.) Many of these stores sponsor the *Calling All Girls* Club of the Air, too. If there's no Headquarters Store near you, write to Nancy Pepper, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. Maybe she can do something for you.



Nancy presents the award to Teen Queen Gloria Tubbs of Scotia, N. Y., chosen by audience applause at the first *Calling All Girls* show held by the Carl Co., Schenectady, N. Y. Cover girl Janet Regan, at right, gave Club members tips on modeling.



Glengarry's short-sleeved jacquards were previewed by *Calling All Girls* Club members at Gimbel's, Headquarters in Philadelphia, at a recent fashion show. On the runway are Jo Rose Hirschner and Virginia Brown.

Below—With radio singer Eileen Barton as a model, the *Calling All Girls* Sewing Club at Hale Brothers, San Francisco, Calif., got off to a lively start. That's Club director Pam Palmer at left, with sewing expert Blanche Barotti, center, and Eileen at right in the pedal pushers that were the Club's first project.



Above—A singing voice like Dennis Day's should be enough for our good-looking fella. But Dennis gives with the comedy, too, on his own show and on Jack Benny's, and his impersonations for the C.A.G. radio show were something!



Right—Three fashion experts, as they appeared on the special *Calling All Girls* Easter radio show, are Pat Geoghagan, Conover cover girl (she's wearing our Easter cover outfit), Harry Conover, cover-girl expert, and Nancy Pepper.



So Easy To FREEZE



Down goes the temperature,
up goes the applause when you
offer your guests these leed
lovelies for their cool comfort

By JANE RICHARDS, Food Editor

IT'S not for nothing in the dog days that you dream of ice-cream mountains—that would really be heaven! All the ice cream you wanted, all the time . . . Well, given an electric refrigerator and half an ounce of forethought, that's just what you can have. Because when you come right down to it, there's practically nothing you can't freeze. Look around you with a new and chilling eye—the bottle of ginger ale, the colas, the cans of juices, the cans of fruit, and nowadays even little packages of mixed-and-ready-to-freeze. A short stop at the refrigerator before you go to the beach or the tennis court, and you can have most anything waiting to spoon out and lap up the minute you get back. Let's begin on the available liquids:

Frozen Ginger Ale

Put 2 cups of sugar in 2 cups of water in a saucepan, bring to a boil, boil for 5 minutes, turn off the flame, and go do something else till the syrup gets cold. (This is called Simple Syrup and if you're going in for a freezing program, you can keep it in the icebox in a jar or a bottle against the moment's inspiration.) Then add to it 3 cups of ginger ale, put it in a refrigerator tray in the freezer compartment, turn the control to the coldest point, freeze mixture to a mush. Then take out the tray, stir in to the center all the stiff lining that has formed close to the metal, mash it well and mix it with the mushy center. Then return to refrigerator to freeze hard.

This is nice and tangy as is. You can make it gaudier by adding any of those things that go well with ginger—a cup of applesauce stirred in before the last freeze, a cup of drained crushed pineapple, a cup of mashed banana pulp. You do see what we mean! Any one of these shoots way up in the slurp department and for less trouble than nothin'.

Frozen Grapejuice

That's another bottle that might well catch your eye! Because of the grape sugars, cut down on the sugar—1 cup to 3 cups of water and 1 cup of grapejuice. It's nicest spiked with about 3 tablespoons of lemon juice and maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of orange juice—brings it to life, somehow. You can just freeze it and eat, or once again you can look around and figure where to go from there. Sliced peaches are

both beautiful and delicious in this stuff. Also bananas, sliced this time. And if the idea of eating lavender ice cream doesn't send you straight up the walls, you can stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of whipped cream at the mush stage, along with a couple of good handfuls of chopped toasted almonds.

Frozen Orange Juice

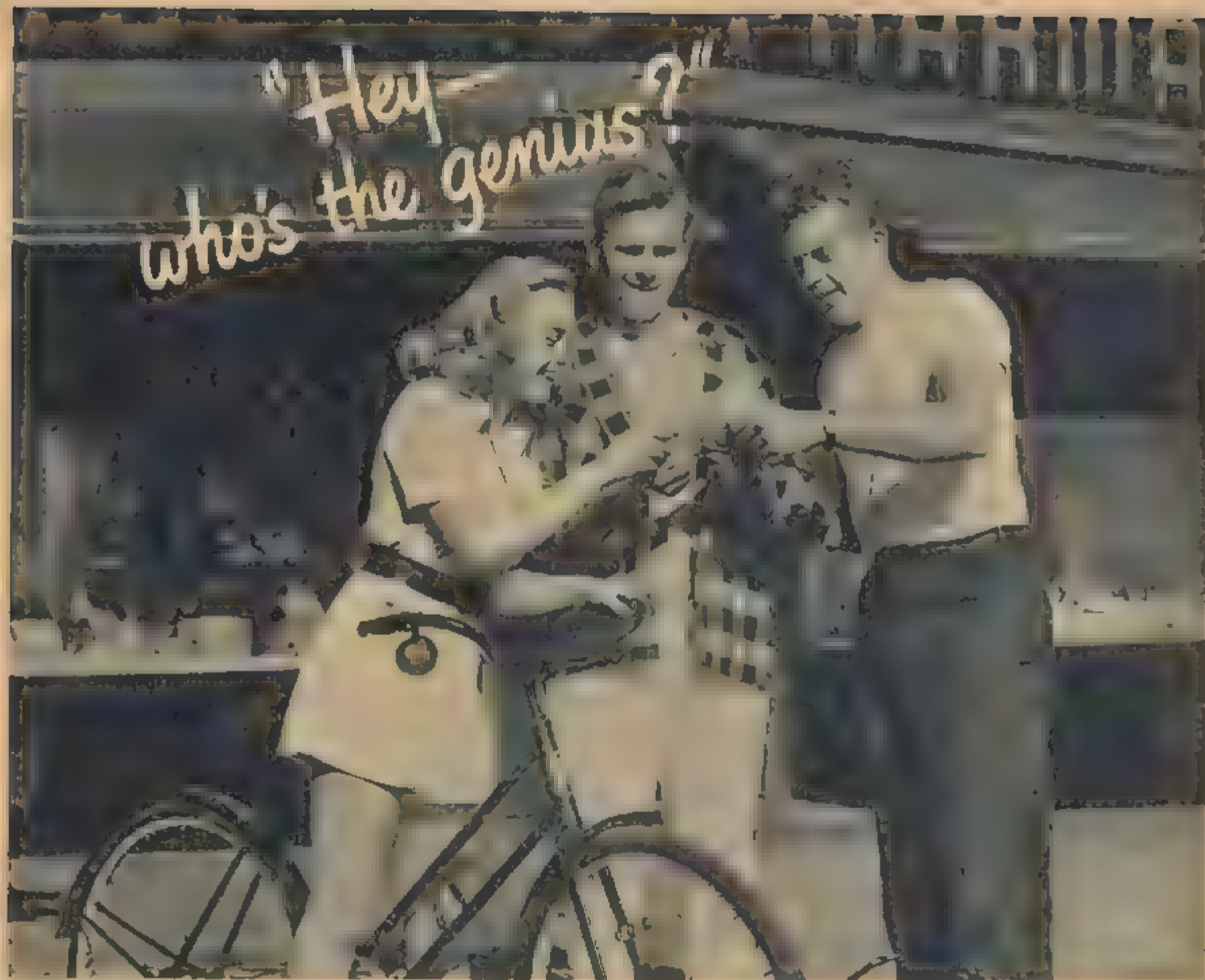
This can be canned, bottled, or fresh, depending on what's around. You'll want 2 cups of orange juice, along with the Simple Syrup (2 cups of sugar in 2 cups of water boiled as explained above). What do you

(Continued on page 59)



Midway to freezing—or at mush point—is the right time to stir the mixture

Roy Pinney Photo



*Genius or not, you can make fine snaps easily...
snaps the gang will go for in a great big way.*

Good snapshots have winning ways. People like to see pictures of themselves, of the games, parties, picnics they've enjoyed together. They like the snaps; and they admire the photographer.

Know how easy snapshots are? Even first attempts come out beautifully. Part of the secret of good pictures, of course, is an eye for pictures; that's up to you. And good film—Kodak Verichrome Film—is another essential. It cuts out the guesswork. You press the button—it does the rest... Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

America's favorite snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film—in the familiar yellow box.



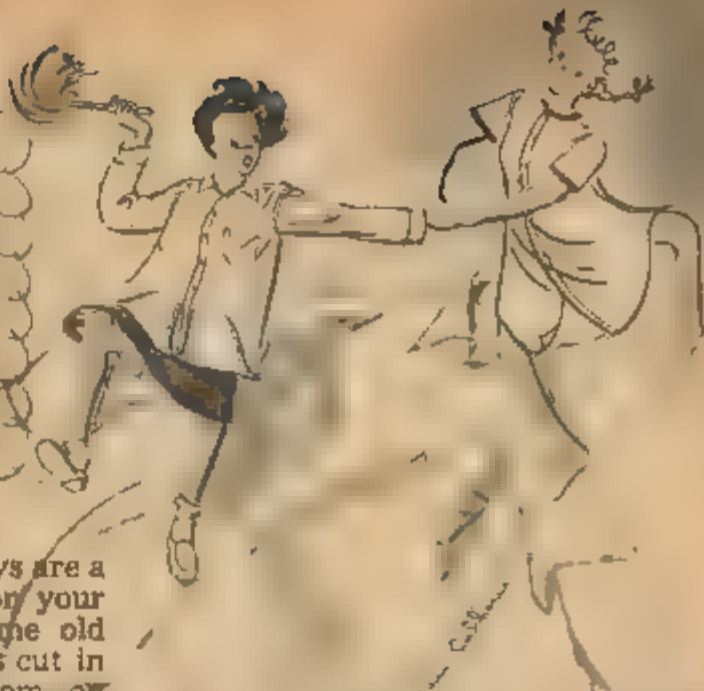
Baby Brownie Special

World-famous little camera

In ever increasing supply. This little camera, priced at only \$2 plus tax, can go with you anytime anywhere. Just the thing for 'starters'. Gets clear, bright, big pictures. No adjustment, no focusing. Once loaded—it's set for action!

Kodak

TRICKS for TEENS



Applying Appliqué—If you have some old lace collars and a blouse you would like to give a lift to, try appliquéing a lace collar onto the neck of the blouse. When that is finished, cut out the material underneath the lace collar. This leaves a lovely, lacy neckline.—*Mary Lou Posey, Marshall, Texas.*

All Tied Up—For a really hilarious dance stunt, the hostess can have the boys remove their neckties and place them all together. Have each girl select one and find the owner. The girls tie the ties on the boys and only after it is neatly and correctly done are the couples permitted to dance. The boys may not coach their "tiers" in the way it's done. You can be sure of a great deal of laughter and crazily tied ties.—*Natalie Auster, Westport, Conn.*

Magic Fortunes—Next time you have a wienie roast, try this bit of magic. Before the party write amusing and ridiculous fortunes for each of your guests on individual slips of plain white paper. Use milk as writing fluid instead of ink. When it comes time to tell fortunes, hand each person one of the slips of paper and tell him to hold it close to the flames. The heat of the fire will make the invisible milk writing appear as though written with light brown ink. *Sylvia Skurska, Hamtramck, Mich.*

Through the Keyhole—Keys are a novel substitute for buttons on your sport clothes. Just shine some old discarded keys or have blanks cut in a design you like. Sew them on through the hole in the key with bright embroidery thread, where the buttons would ordinarily be.—*Geraldine Minor, Newark, N. J.*



Back to Shirts—We're back to those fascinating shirts of Dad's again, but this time it's a matter of rescuing his discarded ones—and we mean discarded. For real sleeping comfort, get one of those old shirts, cut off the collar and three-quarters of the sleeves. Bind the neck and sleeves with bright bias binding. The result—cute, cool nightshirts.—*Patricia Maguire, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.* While we're on the subject, chances are you occasionally wish you had a smock to put over your dress when you have a small job to do around the house and don't want to take time to change. Get one of those old shirts. Fold the shirt tail under at the back for a hem and turn up the front shirt tails on the outside. Sew the sides of the shirt tails to the shirt front, leaving the tops open so that you have two large pockets.—*Ellin McArthur, Greeley, Colo.*

Jeans that Jive—You love your jeans but even so, you like to give them an occasional face lifting. Try covering the pockets with a gay, even gaudy, plaid and face the legs with a deep hem of the same material. Then turn them up in wide cuffs. You can follow through with the same idea on your old sport shirt.—*Barbara Alexander, Bethesda, Md.*

Shades of Music—If you have three or four sheets of music, glue the edges together so that you have a long strip of paper. Pleat the entire sheet so that it looks accordion pleated (the way you used to make paper fans when you were little). Make holes through each pleat about an inch from the top and do the same at the bottom. Insert bright ribbons through the holes at the top and bottom and tie the shade onto the frame so that it fits firmly. If you want the shade to last longer and not collect dust, shellac it.—*Lorraine Wolff, Chaska, Minn.*

Open the Door!—If you're really short on wall space in your bedroom and you won't be happy until you have a bulletin board, try putting that door to use. Just cover the panels of the inside of your door with colored blotters—there's such a variety you're sure to get a shade that goes with the color scheme of your room. Attach the blotters (cut to fit the panels) to the door with either Ready-Pasted Borders or scotch tape. It's decorative and no tacks are needed. Attach your keepsakes and memos with straight pins, used slantwise, or scotch tape.—*Irene Devins, Newark, N. J.*

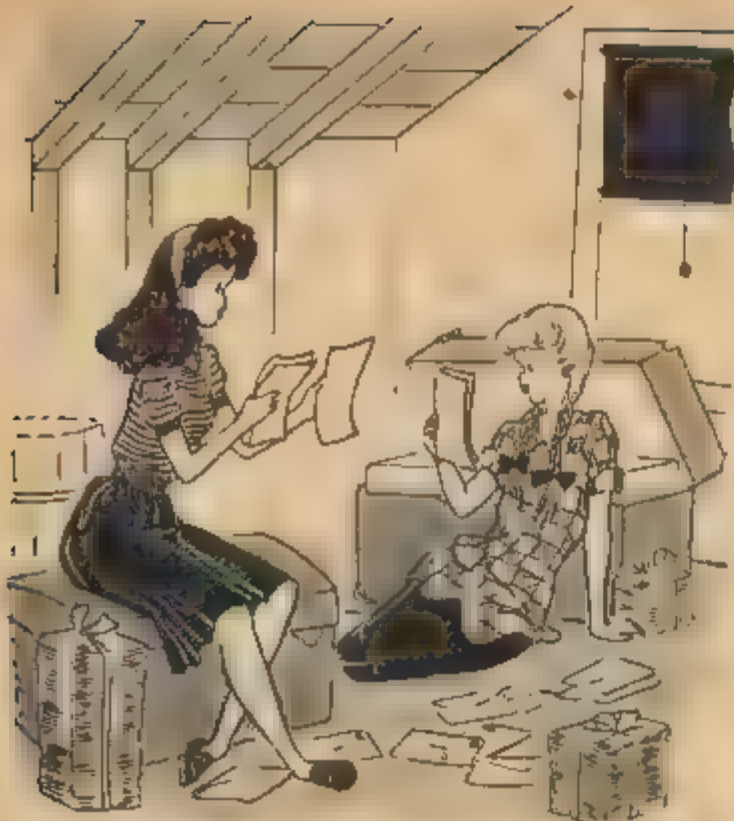
Roll Out the Barrel—A good-looking and sturdy stool can be made from a small keg by padding the top with cotton and covering it with material. Add a skirt to match.—*Carol Larimer, Fort Myers, Fla.*

\$1 will be paid for each Trick for Teens published

We want new and different tricks. Every girl has bright ideas! What are yours? Start dreaming them up and send in as many as you like. Winners are chosen for originality and for probable interest to other girls. Address Tricks for Teens, Calling All Girls, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. All entries become the property of Calling All Girls. They cannot be acknowledged or returned.



GOOD FOR GIGGLES



Merryllyn

"I don't know how Mom ever fell for a line like this!"



"Sounds like my kid brother."



Dotti

"You know, Patsy, you're just like a brother to me!"



SECRET LANGUAGE

(Continued from page 7)

"I'd love to try."

Their eyes met understandingly. But Dana had to look away after a moment, because she found herself wishing that it could be like this with Dad sometimes, too, and she was very much afraid that her misery showed.

"Now let me see . . ." She tried desperately to concentrate on the material in her hands.

Dana was in bed when Tim and her father got home that night. And she was in bed the next morning when Tim, whooping noisily some nonsense about camping in the wildwood, tore down the hall, caught his foot in the rug, and fell with a great clatter and a howl of pain. All the Hausers gathered around him an instant later.

Tim was making a horrible face, and muttering something about his ankle. And when he tried to stand he found he couldn't put any weight on it at all. Half an hour later the doctor examined him, diagnosed a bad strain, and ordered him to bed for several days.

The camping trip, of course, was off. Tim was so furious about that that he could—he said—scarcely feel the pain at all.

"Never mind, old man," his father told him. "We'll go the first week end you're all right." He was sitting on the edge of the bed and his hand was closed around Tim's arm. "I'll bring the drawing board up here, and you can get started on the plans for that cabinet."

"Oh, swell." Tim brightened immediately.

Dana, who had come for the breakfast tray, left without speaking. They looked so close, those two, that she hated to interrupt.

But a few minutes later she offered to stay home to help with Tim rather than go to the club meeting. It wasn't really that she thought there would be so much to do—it wasn't as if Tim were ill and needed nursing—but she had suddenly felt that she couldn't face all the girls' chatter today about the dinner. And Tim offered such a good excuse to avoid it. Dana was a little ashamed of her cowardliness, but she couldn't help it.

"Nonsense, darling. Don't be an idiot," Mrs. Hauser said, hugging her.

"But, really, Mother . . ."

"Now, run along."

It was just as difficult a morning as Dana had known it would be. The most difficult moment of all came just as they were getting ready to go home.

"Isn't it swell your father didn't go away after all?" Lois said. "I met him on the street at lunch hour. Listen—I'm going to fix the place cards so I sit next to him. You don't

mind do you? Your father's such a lamb."

"Yes, he is, isn't he?" Dana said. "See you later. I have to run."

She was furious at herself. Why hadn't she explained that they wouldn't be at the dinner even though her father was in town? Tomorrow Lois would ask a thousand questions.



Beryl Williams, the author of this story

With the excuse that she wanted to pick up some magazines for Tim, she got out of walking home with anyone. And she spent a busy afternoon doing errands for her mother, and running up and down stairs in answer to Tim's requests for pencils and erasers and rulers and things. Tim was enjoying his invalidism enormously. He had already made three plans for the cabinet—each one, he assured her, better than the one before.

His father came in just as he was showing them to Dana, and he started all over again, claiming the full attention of both. When Dana finally said she had to leave, to help with dinner, Mr. Hauser departed with her. They walked down the broad carpeted stairs side by side.

Dana stole a look at her father's concerned face, and wished she could say something—anything—to cheer him up. She realized she had spent most of her recent thoughts on herself.

"Tim'll be all right in a couple of days," she murmured. She wondered if maybe a sprained ankle could be more serious than she'd thought.

"Oh, sure he will." Her father put an unaccustomed arm over her

shoulders. "But with the kind of fancy nursing he's getting, he'll probably want to stay up there as long as he can."

He smiled down at her, and Dana smiled back shyly. He looked less worried already, she thought. His arm was still around her, too. And suddenly Dana decided to ask him to the dinner after all. Even if he had planned the camping trip on purpose, maybe now . . .

The doorbell rang.

"I'll get it," Mr. Hauser said hastily, and hurried on down the last few stairs.

Dana turned toward the kitchen with her head high. He must have guessed what had sprung into her mind, and escaped in time. Automatically she set the table.

"Will you cut me a few chives, darling?" her mother asked.

Yes, Mom."

Rounding the corner of the garage to reach the herb garden, Dana noticed the fat, glossy white box lying on top of the ash barrel. It would be a handy thing to keep scraps in, she thought, glad of something that could take her mind, even for a moment, from the memory of her father rushing away like that. It was a lovely box. But not empty, she realized as she picked it up. She might as well get rid of the contents now.

Her father came around the corner while she was still staring down at the corsage of tiny yellow roses nestling in tissue paper.

"Oh." He stopped quite still, staring at her. "When I saw you come out here, I was afraid you'd find it. I'm sorry, Dana."

Dana stared back at him, completely at sea. "How did it get here?"

One side of his mouth turned up in a lopsided grin. "I didn't know where else to put it," he said.

Dana's eyes widened. What was he talking about? Had she put her foot in it again?

"I know I was stupid," he went on, "but when I saw your friend Lois today, and she told me she was glad you'd be bringing me to your club's dinner tonight—well, I thought you'd changed your mind about inviting me. And I thought you'd like some flowers to wear. But of course when I got home and you didn't mention it, I knew I'd made a mistake. And then the shop delivered before I could cancel the order."

Dana went on staring at him because she couldn't think what else to do. Daddy had sent her a corsage!

"It's all right." He laughed a little. "You mustn't look so stricken, honey. I know I can't talk your language—all that stuff about ruffles and crepe and gores. I tried to pick it up, but every time I used one of

my new words out loud I got it wrong. So I can understand I'd be kind of a burden to you for a whole evening. Probably wouldn't be much of anything we could talk about."

"But—you planned the camping trip," Dana finally managed.

"Well, that was just kind of a smoke screen. So you'd know you didn't have to ask me if you didn't want to. For a minute there, when you wanted to know if we'd be leaving Friday night, I . . ."

When Dana threw her arms around him she was careful to hold tightly to the box so she didn't drop it.

"Oh, Daddy," she whispered.

He held her. "Now, now," he said. "It's nothing to cry about. The world's full of people who can't understand each other—even when they want to."

"It's still Friday night," she said after a minute, into his shoulder. "I mean—the dinner doesn't begin until six-thirty. And—" she drew away a little, so she could look up at him—"and we could talk to each other by sign language, maybe."

They were holding hands as they went into the house. It was her father who said, "You'll have to handle your patient alone tonight, Mrs. Hauser. Dana and I are stepping out. Got to see if we can't find some kind of Esperanto for fathers and daughters."

"Some kind of what, dear?"

"Nothing, Mummy," Dana hugged her with her free arm. "It's just kind of a joke between Daddy and me."

He winked at her then, and Dana winked back at him gaily.



"Don't be that kind of a Cover Girl, Judy!"

YOU SIMPLY can't resist perfume. That added dash of fragrance makes you feel so sweet and lovely.

But, honey, you're only fooling yourself. For even the dreamiest of perfumes won't cover up underarm odor.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, but you still need protection against risk of *future* underarm odor. And it's smart to remember that Mum's the word for that.

better because it's Safe

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even *after* you're dressed. Get Mum today!

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum—helps to make a miss a hit



FROM HIGH SCHOOL TO JOB

(Continued from page 19)

with people and things at the same time, and that is a nice combination.

Every girl knows how badly nurses are needed these days. An article in this magazine last year told you the requirements. It takes three years' special training. If you don't want to train that long, have you ever thought of a job as a hospital attendant or nurses' aide? Are you one of those kind people who want to help others? Have you thought it would be nice to be a nurse, but now you can't because you don't have the required school record or because you need to get work as soon as you leave school? There is no job where you could be more useful than as a nurses' aide. For years there has been a shortage of good attendants and nurses' aides in most hospitals. Hospitals are paying more now than they used to and some provide room and board, too.

The work isn't a cinch and it is not for a dainty dolly, but hospitals are making an effort to provide shorter hours and a regular program of training, so that attendants will know the best ways for doing their work. Many high schools offer American Red Cross courses in first aid and home nursing. If you have a chance, take these, for they give you an idea of what the work is like and would give you a selling point when applying for the job. If you want to be of service and are strong and cheerful, perhaps hospital ward work is the job for you.

If you want to help the sick from a distance, you can probably get a job in a hospital pantry setting up trays or in a hospital kitchen in connection with preparing the meals. These jobs, like all in food preparation, require cleanliness, accuracy, and sense of time and taste. School courses in home economics or cafeteria work would help you.

Thousands of girls earn their living by working in beauty shops. It's such an established occupation that many high schools give courses to teach women the art of beautifying other women. There are short courses one can take in beauty culture, but most beauty operators learn by starting in as trainees in local shops. Sometimes they pay to learn, sometimes they work without pay while they are learning. They start by giving shampoos or manicures and then learn the more complicated methods of giving waves and facials. The all-around operator earns most and finds a job more easily.

Food serving and preparation is another natural field for women. Girls can learn

some of this in school lunch rooms and in home economics courses and even in their own homes, but if courses are offered in your high school for cafeteria or tearoom management, they will prepare you in a professional way for counter work and food preparation. A good waitress is a highly skilled person. She needs some ability of the salesperson, and some special knowledge of service besides. This is learned both in special courses and on the job. In the restaurant and foods field, one of the highest paid workers is the pastry maker. Many books have been written about jobs in the restaurant field. The adviser in your library can probably get a good one for you.

Or what about a factory job? You know how useful girls who worked in factories were during the war. They proved that they can do a lot of things that people used to think could be done only by men. They proved to themselves, too, that they could have a lot of fun and earn good money doing the work. Most factory jobs aren't dirty, as some people think they are. There are factories where metal or plastic or paper products (such as toasters, toothbrushes, tallies, to you) are made and others where food and drugs and clothes are made. These are the places where girls are most likely to work. You may hear about Tillie the welder. But in most places you will find that she was given an honorable discharge on V-J Day. Mounting samples of material on cards, collating or inserting papers in a mail-order business or a bindery are similar to clerical work, and many girls still do this.

The needle trades hire women in large numbers. They're a natural for women. Most of your dresses, hats, and coats are made in factories. Are you handy with the needle? Do you use the family sewing machine? Are you a rapid worker? Do you have the ability to adjust to routine and repetitive work? Maybe you

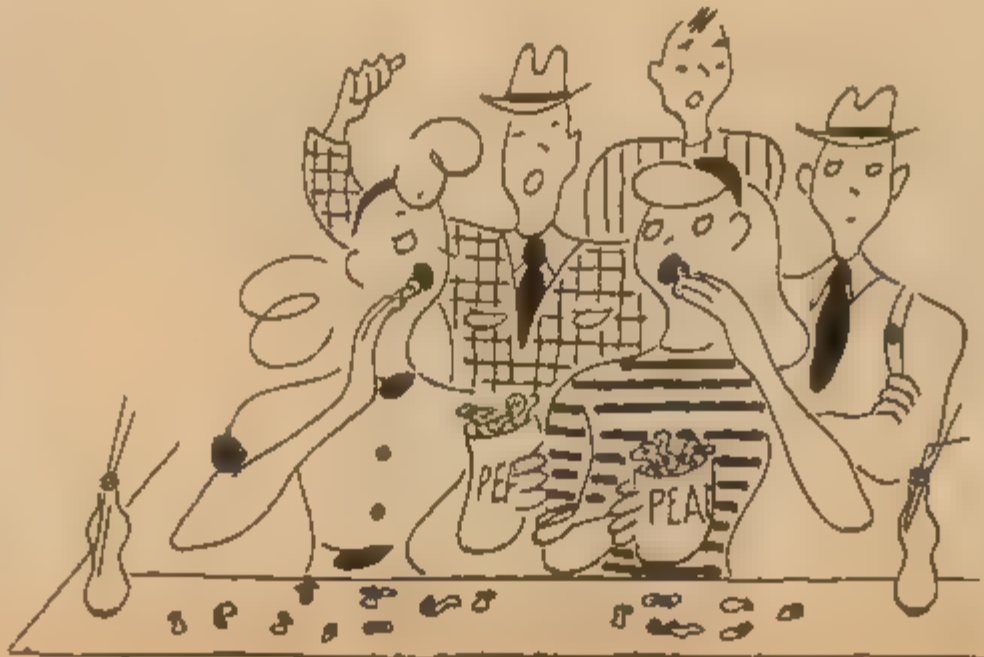
would like a job as a dress operator or finisher. Good workers in this field earn high wages now. The average weekly wage in the garment industry in 1946 was \$45.55 a week. Many sewing-machine operators get much more. Are any garments made in your town? If so, look into the jobs if they appeal to you. There is usually plenty of work in the apparel and accessory factories. If your school doesn't teach garment trades courses, the home economics department probably has electric sewing machines which you can learn to operate.

The field of watchmaking offers jobs that girls can do well. There are many jobs here requiring a high degree of finger dexterity putting small parts together. Some bits of the watch can hardly be seen. Use of tweezers is very painstaking and requires patience. Girls did a lot of the precision work during the war and more girls will doubtless continue in this field. Some schools are giving courses in watchmaking now. Of course, a lot of training is also given on the job.

Or what about jewelry making? How would you like to stamp out, press, cement, or assemble those pins that are so popular now? You might use large or small tools in the process, and most of the work is light and clean. Much of the work is divided up into parts which are easy to learn. The beginning jobs pay about the same or more than you would get as a beginning office worker.

Another field that is interesting and possible for you to get started in when you leave high school is the whole area of jobs in art, display, and decorating. Of course there are fewer opportunities here, but if you have real creative ability, lots of imagination, an excellent sense of color and design, you should consider it and take all the art classes you can in high school. Visit your local galleries and art museums. The top people in this field get big money.

In many of the art jobs, you work on a free-lance basis. You will want to study on your own and take special courses at night after you get started. Most large cities have fine art schools. Some of them are free. If you're gifted in this line you might get a job as a helper to an interior decorator, or in window display, or in a factory where they make such things as decorated lampshades or greeting cards. As in all fields, you start at the bottom. But you will be in the environment where others are doing some kind of ap-



plied art, and your talent may benefit from the association.

Like art, music and entertainment work takes great natural ability and talent. Creative imagination of another kind is needed here. Take advantage of any training you can get in your high school or a local band or orchestra or glee club or dramatic group.

Of course, there is always office work. You have already thought of that. If you want to work in an office, try to master stenography, typing, or bookkeeping, preferably all three. Most high schools teach these subjects. Clerical jobs are not easy to get unless you know one of the office skills, such as stenography or bookkeeping. If you have given these a fair trial and they are not for you, try to learn to operate an office machine.

Take any course in this offered in your school. You can be more certain of a job if you are more than a clerk or a receptionist. Girls are seldom hired for these jobs alone. If you want to be a stenographer, a typist, a file clerk, or a bookkeeper, perhaps you would like to specialize and be a medical secretary or do other work in a doctor's office. That will give you a specialty. When you know something not everyone knows, you have an edge on them in getting a job.

When you get a job you may advance yourself quicker by going to night school and learning another office skill. Most office jobs require accuracy and memory for detail, knowledge of spelling and grammar, finger dexterity and orderliness. Many office jobs require speed.

One of the jobs closely allied to office work is telephone operating. Many high-school graduates go into this occupation. It offers good fixed conditions of work since most all operators work for one employer. As you know this job requires concentration, speed, accuracy, coordination, and a special quality of voice.

We have talked here of only a few of the fields open to you. Which do you suit best? Each job talked about could be sub-divided into many more. You will have much satisfaction if you can do some job that is worth doing, and do it well.

We haven't talked much about wages here, because all that will undoubtedly change by the time you will want to work. Most of the jobs that were discussed now start at about \$20 to \$30 a week, depending on where you live. Anyway, wages are only part of what you get out of work.

One out of two of the people you meet on the street works at a job she learned in a few weeks. So you too can learn a new job quickly. It is best to get a job you like from the start. But you don't have to stay in it if it isn't right for you. You can learn a new job quickly, too. So get as much education as you can, now, while you can, but keep looking over the world of work.

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PYGMALION AND THE PROM

(Continued from page 15)

"Let's do it," Marcia coaxed. "Let's turn Shirley into a dream dish. All she needs is a little coaching, and we can get some ideas out of the book. I'll bet we can get her a date for the prom."

"I don't know," Sue wasn't so sure. "What if the idea really worked and Jay and Don fell for her, too?" Sue flounced her skirts. "Uh-uh. Don may not be a dream boat, but he's my boy and I like him. How do I know Don wouldn't fall for this glamour job you're going to dream up?"

But Marcia persisted until Sue gave in and agreed to help. After Sue had gone, Marcia opened the book and began to read it again. There was a lot of important stuff there.

Marcia was on fire with her idea as she entered the school the next morning. She hurried down the hall to Shirley's locker. Shirley was standing forlornly in front of her opened locker. She was lonesome, that was easy to see. Marcia was glad she wasn't in Shirley's shoes. It wouldn't be any fun to move to a strange town and go to a new school, especially if you were a shy little mouse like Shirley. Why, Marcia and Sue were her only friends!

If they could change Shirley from a mouse into a glamour job, they'd be doing her a real favor. Marcia felt a warm glow at the prospect.

"Shirley," Marcia bubbled, "Sue and I have had a wonderful idea!"

"What kind of an idea?" Shirley was cautious. She wasn't quite used to the lively Marcia and wisecracking Sue.

"Sue and I were talking last night about how hard it must be to move to a strange town and have to make new friends."

Shirley nodded ruefully. "You can say that again!"

Marcia thrust the book into Shirley's hands. "Have you read this?"

"Why, it's *Pygmalion*. Of course I've read it. It's a wonderful story," Shirley was puzzled. "But what does that have to do with me?"

"Well," Marcia blushed. "Look, Shirley, you're sort of shy. Sue and I are the only kids in school who even know you're here, and we thought . . ." Marcia stopped. "Like in the book," she finished lamely.

Shirley shook her head. "I think I get the idea," she said slowly, "but it wouldn't work. It's just as you said, Marcia. I am shy. At home they

call me Mouse." Shirley sighed. "It would be wonderful, though, to be as pretty as you are and as witty as Sue." Marcia blushed, and Shirley smiled and fingered her horn-rimmed glasses. "No, I wouldn't do. Who ever heard of a glamour job in horn-rimmed specs? Or of a wit named Shirley? Besides, I'm a mouse—everybody knows that."

"Don't you see?" Marcia persisted. "Nobody here knows you. That's the beauty of the idea. If you'll only do it, I promise you you'll have a date for the prom. You can't miss."

Shirley was interested. "You really think so? But—the prom's only two weeks away."

The bell rang then. But Marcia enlisted Sue's help, and during lunch period they worked on Shirley until at last she reluctantly agreed to give the plan a try. They were to meet at Marcia's house after school to begin operations.

"First," Marcia said, "you should have a new name to go with your new personality." They were sitting on Marcia's porch, the three of them with the book between them.

Sue snapped her fingers. "I've got it! I've been thinking all day long, and I've got it now." She paused and her eyes twinkled. "Hello, Sherry, how do you like your new name?"

"Sherry, Sherry," Shirley repeated the name slowly, savoring the gay sound of it. "Sherry!" She laughed. "I like it. Maybe this is going to be fun!"

Marcia clapped her hands for order. She looked sternly at Shirley. "Shirley Park, this court hereby

changes your official name to Sherry Park. And now, Sherry," she said, and Sherry smiled, hearing her new name, "and now to work."

There was much to be done. The glasses worried Marcia and she wanted Sherry to go without them, but Sherry protested. She couldn't see without them. Sue backed her up. There were lots of glamour jobs with glasses. Sue maintained. They'd have to glamorize the glasses.

And there was Sherry's habit of haunting the chem lab. Her hands were always stained with chemicals, and besides she'd never meet anybody there except Peter Dole, and he was certainly a dead loss.

As Sue put it, "If he isn't dead, at least he's a loss."

Sherry wouldn't give in on that one, so they had to work out a compromise in which Sherry at least would keep the stains off her hands.

The new personality was the hardest problem of all. With her two friends Sherry had a warm voice and a hint of ready wit that surprised Marcia and Sue. But let anyone else be near and Sherry would freeze up. Marcia and Sue pinned their hopes on the thought that the attention the new Sherry would get would give her self-confidence.

There was a juke-box dance at the Youth Center every Saturday night, and it was decided that Sherry should make her debut there. There remained only the problem of her escort. And on Friday, Sue triumphantly announced that her twin brother, Tommy, had broken with his O.A.O. and was not only willing

but eager to take his sister's friend to the dance.

"I told Tommy you were the sharpest thing this side of Hollywood," Sue grinned. "And the name Sherry fascinated him. We're set!"

Sherry wasn't so sure. "I don't know. What if he doesn't like me?"

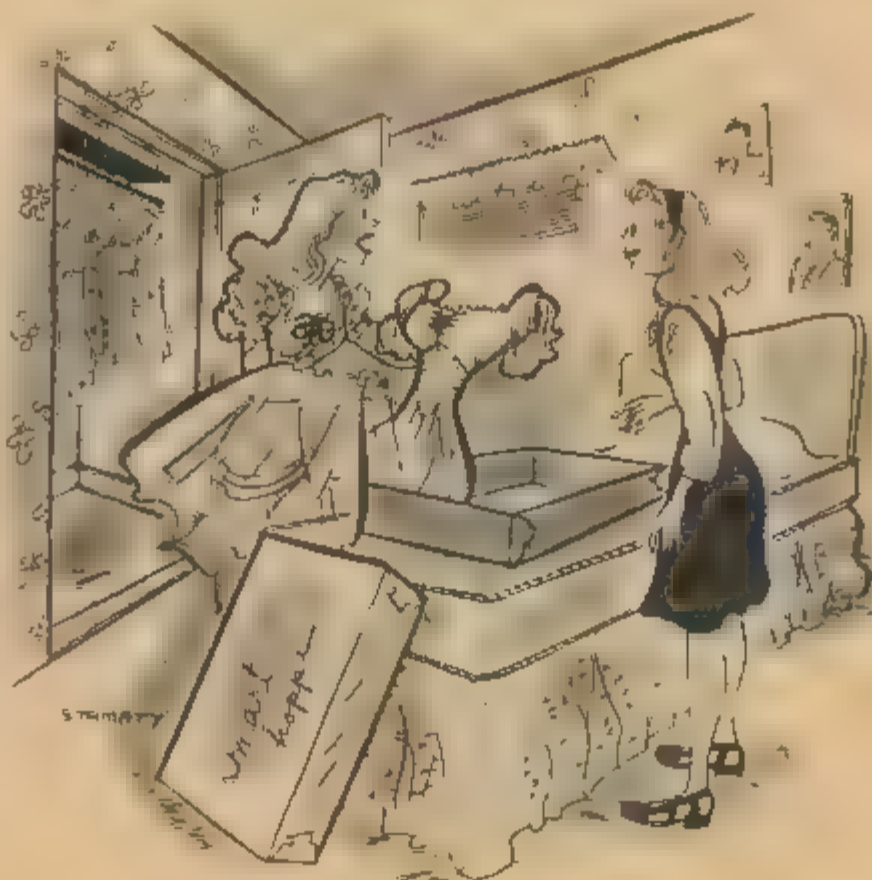
Sue patted her shoulder. "Don't you worry, Sherry. Tommy's a smart boy. He knows a dream dish when he sees one. He'll like you, all right."

"Sure," Marcia put in. "And when the stag line sees Tommy with a new girl, you can bet you'll get a rush."

They spent all day Saturday working on Sherry. Marcia painted Sherry's glasses with dark red nail polish while Sue was shaping Sherry's hair into a soft pageboy.

When the glasses were dry Marcia handed them to Sherry and Sue gave

UTTERLY FANTASTIC SITUATION: NO. 10



"But Sis, I absolutely insist upon you wearing my new formal before I do."

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the pageboy a final stroke of the brush. Then they stepped back to view their handiwork.

It was amazing! The pageboy made a soft frame for Sherry's face, and the dusky red frames of her glasses gave her a piquant pixie look that contrasted delightfully with her former primness.

Sherry looked in the mirror and gasped with pleasure. "I'm a different person! I don't even feel like a mouse!"

Marcia laughed, "And you won't be one any more. Wait and see. You'll be a big success at the dance."

Marcia was dancing with Jay when Sherry and Tommy entered the hall.

"Wow!" Jay stared. "Who's the new chick with Tommy? Where has she been all our lives?"

Marcia smiled a smug smile. "That's Sherry Park. She recently moved to town. She's a friend of mine."

"Yum, like a vision yet!" Then Bert Tucker tagged, and Marcia looked over his shoulder to watch Jay hurrying over to Sherry and Tommy.

"Say!" Bert began. "Who's the new dish?"

Suddenly Marcia didn't feel so smug. "Why ask me?" she snapped. "I'm not the student directory."

"Pardon me," said Bert stiffly. "I thought this was Information Please."

Things weren't going the way Marcia had expected, and they kept right on going in the wrong way all the rest of the evening. After she got to sleep, Marcia had bad dreams:

Marcia opened her eyes and lay still, staring at the ceiling and wishing that the night before had been a nightmare instead of reality. But it was reality. Jay had danced too many times with Sherry, and Marcia had quarreled with Jay, who had taken her home in a dead silence and dropped her off at her door without even saying good night.

Marcia groaned. And that wasn't all. Sue had had a fight with Don and had blamed it all on Marcia. How was she to know that all the boys were going to act like nine-year-olds at a bubble-gum counter?

She blushed, remembering the things she had done. She had even brushed Sherry off. Sherry had tried to stop her at the door as she was leaving. Marcia had swept past Sherry as if she had been just a smudge on the wallpaper. What a mess things were in!

"Marcia." It was her mother's voice. "Marcia, telephone."

Telephone! Marcia bounced out of bed and wrapped her robe around her. Telephone! Maybe it was Jay, calling up to smooth things over. She hurried down the stairs to the phone.

"Hello."

"Marcia!" It was Sue. "Marcia, are you still sore?"

"Of course not," Marcia answered. "I'm just ashamed of myself, that's all."

Sue sounded worried. "Listen,

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**Excitement can throw you off schedule
that "certain time of the month"!**

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Marcia. Do you actually have a date for the prom?" Marcia felt a cold chill as she realized what Sue meant. Of course she didn't have a date for the prom. She and Jay had taken it for granted that they were going together, but nothing had really been said.

"Sue," she said, "after the way I treated Jay last night I'm not sure I do have a date. Not unless we make up pretty quick."

"Maybe that won't do any good," Sue said. "And I'm in the same fix with Don." There was a long pause, and then Sue went on. "Last night Tommy asked Sherry to go to the prom with him, and she turned him down." Sue let it sink in. "Who gave Sherry the biggest rush last night?"

Marcia didn't need to answer. Jay and Don had rushed Sherry off her feet. "You don't think?"

"Yeah," Sue answered. "I do think. I think one of us is going to stay home. Would Sherry turn Tommy down if she didn't have a date?"

The longer they talked, the lower they felt. It was plain enough that one of them was a loser.

Sherry called twice during the day, but Marcia wouldn't talk to her. Marcia was pretty sure she knew what Sherry wanted. She wanted to gloat. Well, she wasn't going to give Sherry any satisfaction. No, sir! Marcia clicked off the phone every time she heard Sherry's voice. She spent the rest of Sunday just

sitting around and dreading Monday. She hoped Sherry wouldn't try to talk to her at school.

Strangely enough, Monday went by without a word or a sign from Sherry. That was good, but there was plenty of bad to go with it. With Monday gone there were only four days left until the prom, and Jay hadn't said a word.

Marcia and Sue walked home together, and Marcia learned that she and Sue were in the same boat. Don hadn't said a word to Sue either. But Sue had news.

"Do you know what Sherry did?" Sue sounded amazed. "Right after school she went back to that smelly old chem lab. I've never seen a girl so crazy over chemicals." Sue shook her head. "I can't understand it. I know she turned down at least four Coke dates. It's a funny thing."

The rest of the week went all too quickly. Just a rapid succession of days in which nothing happened. Marcia and Sue fearfully compared notes every night, each dreading to hear that the other had a date for the prom and knowing that if Jay asked Marcia then Don would be taking Sherry; and if Don asked Sue, Jay would be taking their slick chick. It was a bad week.

Saturday morning the blow fell.

"Marcia." It was Sue on the telephone. "Don just called." Then the words came tumbling out and Marcia learned that Sue and Don had made up and that Sue was going to

the prom. Marcia was the loser.

Marcia sat by the phone for a long time after Sue clicked off. She was bluer than indigo. Don wasn't taking Sherry to the prom. That meant Jay was. Why had she ever pulled such a dopey stunt?

The phone was ringing again. Marcia listlessly lifted the receiver. "Hello," she said dully.

"Hiya, sport!" It was Jay, just as if nothing had ever happened. "What time shall I pick you up for the prom?"

Marcia's heart warmed inside of her. Good old Jay! "You goof! Where have you been all week?"

"Ahhh!" Jay sighed happily. "Then you're not sore? You've had such a long pan all week I've been afraid to say a word to you."

So, she was going to the prom after all, and it was Sherry who was going to stay home. Wait a minute. If neither Don nor Jay had asked her, why had Sherry turned Tommy down?

"Jay," Marcia took a deep breath, "Jay, I promise not to get mad, but there's something I must know. Did you ask Sherry to the prom?"

"Cross my heart, I didn't. I just asked her if she was going to the prom, and she said she wasn't sure. Tommy had already told me he was going to ask her to go with him, so I told her she'd better make plans, 'cause she was going."

Marcia's heart dropped into her shoes. She turned Tommy down

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"Yeah, that was funny, wasn't it? Some other guy must have beat him to the punch."

"Jay, you dope, don't you see? Sherry turned Tommy down because she thought you had asked her to go." Marcia had promised Sherry a date for the prom. It was going to hurt, but she would keep that promise.

"Jay," she said, and it was the hardest thing she had ever done, "Jay, I'm not going with you. And if you ever want me to speak to you again, you're going to take Sherry." There was a dazed silence on the other end of the wire. Then the explosion. But Marcia held firm, and in the end she won. Jay promised to go at once to see Sherry.

Marcia put down the phone and went upstairs. She plopped full length on the bed and stared at the ceiling morosely. It was all the fault of that book. If she hadn't had that dizzy idea, she'd be going to the prom. Life was quite a mess.

"Marcia!" It was her mother calling. Marcia rolled over and pretended not to hear. She didn't feel like talking to Mother. She didn't feel like talking to anybody.

"O. K.!" It probably was Jay to tell her that he had succeeded. She took her time walking downstairs.

"Hello."

"Marcia!" It was Sherry and she was excited. No sense in dodging any longer. Let her crow about her date.

"Hello, Sherry."

"Marcia, guess what?" Marcia knew what to guess, but she didn't say anything.

Sherry went rushing on. "I'm calling from the school. I've been working in the chem lab with the Prof—you know, Mr. Martin—and Peter. Jay came up. I guess Mother told him where to find me. You'd never believe it!" Sherry laughed. "He wanted me to go to the prom with him."

It was hard to believe, all right. Jay and Sherry at the prom while she stayed home.

"Marcia, he was so persistent. He kept begging me to go, and when I told him definitely no, he got angry and said I had to go."

Marcia caught her breath. "You turned him down?"

Sherry giggled. "Why, of course! And he wouldn't take no for an answer and stormed around and said I had to go with him. And I said I wouldn't, and he kept saying I would too, and then Peter hit him."

Marcia gasped. "Peter hit Jay!"

"He was wonderful!" Sherry sighed. "Wonderful! 'Leave her alone!'—that's what he said. Then he hit Jay in the eye, and then he said, 'Sherry's going with me!' Isn't that spectacular? It worked just like you said it would. Peter broke down!"

Marcia sat for a moment in a dazed, happy silence. What a crazy, wonderful world! Then she grinned. Jay would be dropping in soon. She'd have to rustle up a piece of steak for that eye of his.

"Good deal, Sherry," she said. "I'll be seeing you at the prom."

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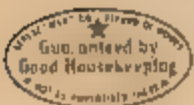
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ESPECIALLY FOR YOU

(Continued from page 24)

door leading to the hall on the fourth wall?"

We admitted that this was, indeed, a small room, and we went on to complicate their problem by adding that since so many of our readers share a room with their sisters, two girls must be able to sleep comfortably here, study, read, relax, and entertain their friends. And as a further stipulation, we asked that the room be designed in such a way that it would be just as attractive and pleasing when the teen-ager became a college senior or a careerist. Furnishings, color, how to make use of the 10' x 10' space, method of decorating—we left all those matters up to the individual designers.

The designers, many of them teen-agers themselves, went to work on our assignment, and you'll agree with us that the results were wonderful! No two room designs were alike, and every bit of that precious 10' x 10' space was so cleverly utilized that the rooms appear much larger than they actually are! Take, for instance, the room Muriel Rose designed for two girls to share. One wall is completely mirrored; thus adding gay sparkle and giving the impression of extra width to the room. Sally Robb saves floor space by using wall space—built-in shelves on the walls store books, hobby collections and supplies. Jeannette Osborn designed a room full of hidden, space-conserving surprises. By keeping the furniture, walls, draperies, and furniture covers all one color, Don Miller makes his room appear much larger. And you'll have to agree with Janet Armstrong that combining a built-in desk, chest of drawers, blanket chest, and cabinet into one sectional unit adds a feeling of restful serenity to the room.

Although each of the room designs differs from the others, there is one striking similarity. You've guessed it! There's not one of these five rooms that is not compact, uncluttered, and orderly in design. "A place for everything and everything in its place" seems to be the motto of these young student-designers. Built-in furniture, bookshelves, and cabinets provide neat, compact storage space for hobby collections, books, supplies, clothing, blankets, pillows, and all the necessary extras that make up two girls' private sanctum.

Not built around fads or fancies of the moment, these rooms were designed to give you honest, long-lasting service through each successive year from high school to your matriculation at college. They'll be just as "right" for you when you're an up-and-coming business girl and, confidentially, they may give you lots of ideas to work with when you start to plan that "little, vine-covered cottage" of your own. And don't forget these room plans are chock-full of suggestions that can be put to use right here and now!

Are you in the know?



How would you refuse a date?

- ☐ Brush him off
- ☐ Invent an excuse
- ☐ Say you'll be busy

Ever trip yourself up on your own tall story, after turning down a bid? When refusing a date no fancy excuses needed.

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Does this make sense on certain days?

- ☐ No
- ☐ Yes
- ☐ Could be

Gals in-the-know take certain days in stride, but "fierce fun" doesn't make sense. Why jolt your innards? (There's always the merry go-round!) Choosing milder amusements is playing safe. Like choosing Kotex. You see, you get extra protection from that exclusive safety center of Kotex. And that comfortable Kotex Wonderform Belt lets you bend freely because it's elastic—snug-fitting—non-binding. For confidence that's positively supersonic, try Kotex and Kotex Belts!



For a too-broad nose, better—

- ☐ Clamp a clothespin on it
- ☐ Eye-shadow the sides
- ☐ Widen your brows

If you guessed this one, you're up on your grooming! And on difficult days, score yourself a plus if you never need guess about sanitary protection. For that means you depend on Kotex—knowing there's a Kotex napkin exactly suited to your own special needs. Yes, only Kotex comes in 3 sizes: Regular, Junior and Super Kotex. Three smart ways to improve your confidence. (Smart as widening your brows to improve that too-broad nose!)



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RECORD RATERS

By LEE MORSE

EVERY day, in every way, the recording companies try to think up new innovations to "sell the public." Columbia and RCA-Victor both have signed Metropolitan Opera stars to record complete operas, and Victor has announced that Arturo Toscanini will conduct some of the operas. Columbia's recording apparatus will be set up on stage and the master platter will be made right in the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City. You will be able to buy complete operas recorded by both companies. The music of the operas is superb and it is sung by some of the greatest voices in the world. Yes this is good news.

Johnny Mercer with Paul Weston and His Orchestra—(Capitol) *I do do Like You and Movie Tonight* (Pied Pipers). Mr. Mercer tosses this comic Calypso number around with the necessary blasé attitude. The platter is delightful. The band does a take-off on Guy Lombardo, and Johnny, in his best Trinidad style, sings "Carmen, get the flashlight, I cannot find the melody." The record is lots of fun besides having a head-spinning melody and a stellar delivery.

On the reverse, *Movie Tonight*, a light rhythm tune that is easily listenable and thoroughly enjoyable. Mr. Mercer knows what to do with a song when he gets his vocal chords on one. Ditto the Pied Pipers.

Jack Smith and the Clark Sisters—(Capitol) *I Tipped My Hat and Slowly Rode Away* and *If This Isn't Love*. Of all the versions of this tune, Jack Smith's gets an A. Jack, the smiling boy, gives this platter a gusty ride with a bouncy tempo. He is assisted excellently by the Clark Sisters, formerly the Tommy Dorsey Sentimentalists. This song is Jack's speed and he shines as he spins it. It certainly is an infectious number. Side B receives another bouncy treatment and will be gentle on your feminine ears. Yes, Smith!

Woody Herman and His Orchestra (Columbia) *Woodchopper's Ball* and *With Someone New*. This is probably one of the last discs to be cut by Woody Herman before he disbanded. On it, he is presenting a new arrangement of one of his most famous tunes. Woodchopper is a good jitterbug number and a good jazz side. It features Woody's clear clarinet, Bill Harris' "preaching" trombone, Flip Phillip's tenor sax, and Porky Porcino's riotous trumpet. But some of the Herman smooth dance beats are on the flipover, a Flip Phillip original, bringing to fore again his wailing tenor sax. The Herman Herd maintains a smooth, quiet background. If you like the Herman style, then this is for you. Get with it.

Jane Harvey and the Page Cavanaugh Trio—(RCA-Victor) *My Number One Dream Came True* and *Foggy River*. Meet Jane Harvey, a comparatively new vocalist, who has been said to be "a combination of Judy Garland and Dinah Shore." Jane hasn't made as good a platter since she recorded with Benny Goodman a few years back. Side A brings out all the warmth and charm of her voice and she does make this a "number one dream." Incidentally, Les Brown collaborated on the writing of this tune. *Foggy River* could have been improved with less exuberance on Jane's part. Nevertheless, she has a fetching lilt and verve and makes this turnover a smooth spinner. The Page Cavanaugh Trio is sensational, providing a colorful and rhythmic background. The combination of Jane Harvey and the Trio makes this a disc dividend—a can't miss.

El Amor Bruja (Love, the Magician) by Manuel de Falla, performed by the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra, Conducted by Leopold Stokowski; Sung by Nan Merriman, mezzo-soprano—(RCA-Victor Red Seal). Manuel de Falla died November 14, 1946, in the Argentine. He left us a very beautiful sample of music that is completely Spanish in spirit even though all he knew about Spain he learned from books and word of mouth. In 1915, de Falla was requested by Pastora Imperia, a celebrated dancer, to write a work to which she could dance and sing. Martinez Sierra prepared the scenario, basing the plot on a folk tale narrated by the dancer's gypsy mother. The story tells of Carmelo, a beautiful young woman who mourns the death of her lover, unworthy Candelas. Deep in her thoughts, as though hypnotized Carmelo sees the return of Candelas but they cannot exchange the kiss of perfect love. There is an evil specter between them. The tale ends after much tribulation, in a declaration of true love, annihilation of the specter, and triumph of life over death.

As he wrote this, de Falla constantly remembered that his music would be sung and danced to, and kept in mind the limitations of the stage. Today there is no one who performs the feat of both dancing and singing the part of Carmelo, so the lyrics are usually sung from the orchestra pit by a mezzo-soprano or a full soprano. The score was composed for a full theater-sized orchestra. The music is exciting, picturesque, dramatic. The technical balance of the recording is good. Mr. Stokowski gives a fine hand to the conducting, bringing out all the emotion that is written into the works.

Square Dances by Cliffie Stone and His Band—(Capitol) *Special Instructions* and *Soldier's Joy*, *Cripple Creek* and *Sally, Good' In*; *The Gal I Left Behind Me* and *Bake Them Hoe Cakes Brown*; *Golden Slippers* and *Ragtime Annie*. Don your dungarees and plaid shirt and become a square. This is one time being a square is fun. Cliffie Stone has cut an excellent album of accompaniment for square dancing. Added to the discs is a booklet that lists clearly all the calls for the dances and gives explanations for those who aren't old hands at the do-ci-do. The first platter in the album has Cliffie helping you walk through the steps and explaining thoroughly the allemande, do-ci-do, and other simple routines. After that, you are on your own. Gather your gang and promenade your partner. If you are at wits' end for something to do some Saturday night, pull this album out and give a square dance in someone's barn.

Paul Nero's Animal Jam—(Disc) *The Hot Canary* and *Pitri-Cats*; *As the Crow Jumps* and *The Hep Hippo*. Paul Nero on the violin, Hy White on the guitar, and Irv Whitenack on the string bass come forth with novel jazz. They take the animal theme and play hot stuff very interestingly. *The Hot Canary* is remarkable in that the instruments sound exactly like the yellow bird. It is difficult to present any idea with nothing but string instruments. These boys have done it and well. The music is vivid and alive. You don't have to like jazz to get hep to this album of two platters.

TURNTABLE TOPICS: Sonora records now have a thirty-nine cent disc. . . . Vaughn Monroe has turned acrobat. Fooling around with the Acro-Maniacs, he was an excellent bottom man for a pyramid. He appeared in one show for a laugh and was such a sensation that he was kept on all through the run.

WELL MET

(Continued from page 29)

Rhode Island." It will mean they can play do-you-know about Rhode Island or talk about how crowded the trains are or about how long she is staying. Or, "Ed Rain, this is Bob Snow. You two are competitors in the candid camera contest." And are they ever off!

At a big party, don't drag each new arrival around to be introduced to all and sundry. Start him off with guests in one group, and see that he gradually meets others.

Then comes the reverse side of the picture, when you're on the receiving end of the introduction.

First, you always stand to greet anyone in your own home. You also stand when you are meeting a woman or an older man or when an older person is making the introductions. So about the only time you don't have to stand is when you're meeting boys or girls your own age.

For the vocal acknowledgment, we favor just plain, "How do you do." Or when it's all very informal, you might just say a friendly, "Hello." There's really nothing wrong with I'm-glad-to-meet-you or I'm-pleased-to-meet-you, except those poor, worn-out phrases are seldom meant as they're used, and frequently so run together that they're just a noise. Have you really heard enough about a person to be *glad* to meet him? If you meet a new boy, you wouldn't want to gush, "I'm so glad to know you. Jane has talked so much about you." That would make Jane feel like a nitwit and make him wonder what on earth she has been saying. You can use that greeting if you use it thoughtfully. "I'm very happy to meet you, Mrs. Blank. Mother has talked so much about how she enjoys working with you at P. T. A."

Repeat the name of the person to whom you are introduced. Saying the name fixes it in your mind.

The last formality arises when you take your leave of your new acquaintance. If the one you've met says, "I am glad to have met you," say simply, "Thank you." If you repeat what he said, you'll sound as if you didn't have a sentence to call your own. If the meeting has been very casual, it's better to say only "goodbye." If you've had a real talk with him or seen a movie together, be friendly and express your pleasure—"I've enjoyed it so much. I hope we meet again." Be sincere in what you say.

The heavens won't fall if you make a mistake in an introduction. Relax and take the whole thing slowly. People won't run away. Handle the situation with graciousness. When you're introducing, you'll want to put the others at ease. A clear, simple introduction is a good way to do that. Whichever end of the game you're on, learn the rules and make the introductions such smooth incidents that people will always say with sincerity, "I hope we meet again."

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THE YORKTOWN YOUNGER SET

(Continued from page 21)

"And why not?" Chip asked arrogantly.

"Quite right, son," agreed Wally. "Maybe on a daylong, romantic-they-tell-me, river-boat ride he can do something to get back in the running. June moon and stuff, you know."

"But if she's engaged," said Nan, "you can't throw her at Mr. Cramer."

"No—don't say another word," Wally stopped her. "You girls chose your chaperon. We'll choose one, too."

"Sure." Chip pounded the counter. "We won't throw her at the coach; we'll just shove a little." He snickered.

Nan shrugged. "If I know you characters, as I'm afraid I do, I suppose there's no stopping you." She slid off her stool and Holly quickly joined her. "Let us leave them to their conniving. But I think it's all in very poor taste."

That night Wally still refused to listen to reason on the Cramer deal. He said sternly that they had invited the coach to come, that the coach had accepted, and that was that.

"I suppose since you've already asked him there's nothing we can do about it," Nan conceded. "Who is your date for the shindig?"

Wally looked up from the couch lazily. "Why, I guess I'll take Holly."

"It would be nice if you told her," Nan grinned at him. "After all tomorrow's the day."

"I assumed she assumed it," Wally muttered as he obediently got up and walked toward the phone.

A few minutes later Nan heard him hang up the receiver. He came back with a deflated expression. "She already has a date," he answered the question in Nan's eyes. "Some stranger by name of David Atkins. Who is he, anyway?"

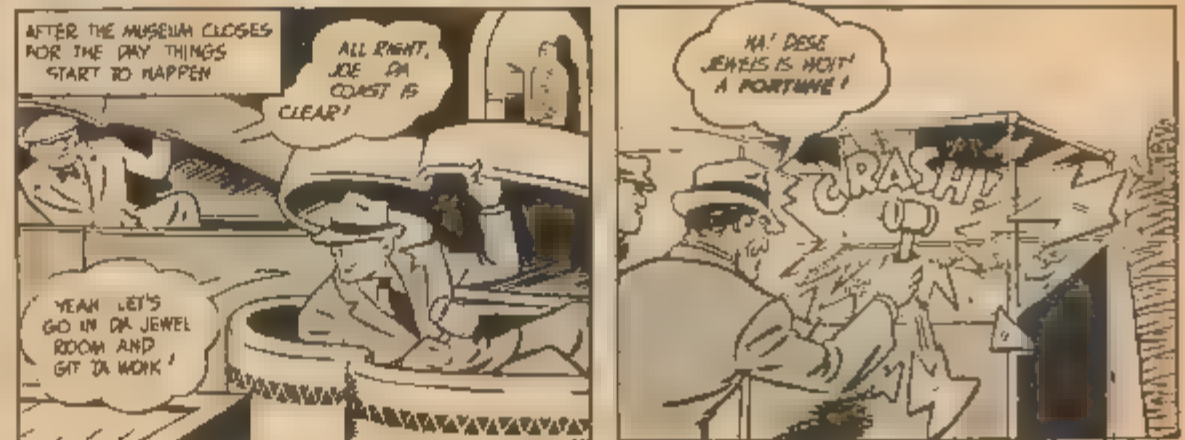
Nan shook her head. "You've got me. Very funny she didn't tell me about it. I thought she'd go with you." She frowned into space. "Honest, I was just teasing you when I told you to call her. But it just goes to show you, you men shouldn't take women so for granted."

"This town is becoming too infiltrated with strangers for comfort," Wally had his back to Nan and was staring out the window. "Don't tell me you've picked up some new blood for a date, too."

"Nope," Nan answered. "Chip asked me a week ago. He likes the lunches I pack. You can come along with us," she added consolingly.

Saturday morning dawned as a model day for a boat trip. Chip, Nan, and Wally hurried their steps as they neared the dock and caught sight of the river steamer. The dock was filled with noises, from sounds of handcars crashing up the iron ramp to the voices of people on the wharf. Clustering up the gang-plank were groups of students from

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Yorktown Teen Town.

"This is a wonderful institution," Nan announced.

"What?" asked Wally. "That top-heavy ship?"

"That, too," Nan admitted. "but I was thinking of this annual trip up the river. What better way to end the school year?"

"Me, I like the roller coaster at the park," Chip said. "Will you ride with me today, Nan, in the front car?"

Nan shuddered. "You wouldn't settle for the merry-go-round or something, would you?"

"There's Holly," Wally interrupted, pointing on down the dock, "talking to Miss Ames and Mr. Cramer."

Nan's and Chip's eyes followed Wally's finger and saw the group at the end of the wharf. Holly's slick blonde hair looked all the more golden against the dark tweed coat of the tall man beside her. As Nan, Chip, and Wally walked toward them, they saw Mr. Cramer and Miss Ames go up on deck, leaving Holly and her companion alone. They were too deep in conversation to notice the approach of the threesome.

"Hello, Holly," Nan said tentatively.

Holly whirled around, a broad smile on her lips and her eyes aglow. "Hi, people," she said, reaching out her hand to Nan. "We've been waiting for you. Nan, I want you to meet David Atkins."

Nan studied David's lean brown face. He spoke to them cordially, with so much poise and charm that Nan had the insane feeling that Chip and Wally were wearing rompers and maybe sucking on lollipops. But the whistle of the boat and the yells from the deck ended Nan's speculations and the introductions. As they raced up the gangplank, Wally hissed in Nan's ear, "He's twice her age!"

"Shh, he'll hear you."

"But, Nan," Wally whispered on, "don't you remember what gave last summer when Holly had the crush on that doctor? Don't tell me we have to go through *that* again."

Nan only whispered back, "Oh, golly," and then they were on deck.

"What'll it be, snag a seat by the rail or explore the boat?" David asked them.

"Let's wander," Holly suggested eagerly.

The other three nodded numbly and tagged along behind.

"They seem to be getting along awfully well," Wally whispered sadly in Nan's right ear, waving at Holly and David.

"They seem to be getting along awfully well," Chip whispered gaily in Nan's left ear as he waved to Miss Ames and Mr. Cramer.

"If you two don't stop whispering at me..." Nan hissed back.

"What's the matter with you glum ones?" Holly called. "Don't you think this is fun?"

"Hmm, more fun," mumbled Nan. But the rest of the trip up the river to the amusement park was a night-

mare for her. She finally muttered to Chip and Wally that the good cheer and sunshine were too much for her. Wally agreed, and they left the promenade and went below deck where a group of Teen Towners surrounded the ping-pong table. By the time the boat reached Riverview Park, Nan and Wally were beginning to be able to see through their personal gloom and to join in the general holiday spirit.

It was at the Tunnel of Love that the trouble began again. There was a crowd of about thirty of them trying to go through at once. The boats for rent were of various sizes. Nan landed in a large boat holding about ten people. The flat-bottomed craft drifted into the tunnel in confusion. Nan could hear Bob's attempts at a yodel, which made freakish echoes right through the low tunnel. Right behind her Chip screechily imitated Stella's giggle. And beside her Wally delivered a monologue, a mock spiel as a sight-seeing bus conductor might give it, on the sights they weren't seeing as they bumped along the winding waterway in the darkness. By the time they came out into the light at the far end of the tunnel, Nan was grinning.

But then she noticed that Chip was missing. "Wally! Wally!" she yelled. "Where's Chip? He was sitting right behind me!"

"Maybe he fell in," Wally snickered.

"But, Wally, it isn't funny." Nan

grabbed his arm urgently. "Sure, he can swim, but what if one of the boats ran him down? What if he was knocked unconscious in there in the dark?"

"What's up?" Coach Cramer asked as he, Selma Bob, and Holly crawled out of the next boat.

"Chip's overboard!" Nan cried. "We've got to do something!" And frantically she told what she was sure had happened.

"I'll go back," Chet Cramer said quietly. And as he ran toward the mouth of the tunnel to jump into a small boat just abandoned by Carol and Rod, he saw Chip coming toward him along the narrow catwalk that ran along the inner edge of the tunnel.

"Chip!" Selma screamed in relief.

"Huh?" said Chip.

"Chip, boy," Mr. Cramer said, "you scared us to death. Where were you?"

"Who, me?" Chip's face was very blank and unsmiling. "Oh, I was just clowning around. Got out of the boat and walked along the ramp beside the water. Sorry to frighten you." He laughed feebly and then moved over close to Nan and Wally. "Come on and let's get a hot dog," he said.

"But we just finished our lunch and . . ." Nan began to argue.

"Come on!" Chip's voice was so stern that Nan and Wally immediately fell in step beside him and quickly they walked away from the group.

"Where is Miss Ames and that David person?" Chip asked in a low voice.

Wally looked back. "They're just coming out of the tunnel now."

"It's about time," Chip's voice was angry.

"What's this all about?" Wally leaned up against the hot-dog stand and stared at Chip.

Chip ordered franks all around before he answered. "You know that place in the middle of the tunnel where there's sort of an air vent and the light shines through?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's where I saw them."

"Who?"

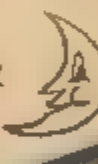
"Ames and that David guy." Chip paused. "In a clinch, but terrific."

"Miss Ames and David!" exclaimed Nan, and then she thought for a second. "That's right," she said suddenly. "They did share a two-person boat. We were all sort of shuffled around, grabbing seats, and I didn't think anything about it."

"Evidently they did," Chip said meaningfully.

"But, Holly . . ." began Nan.

"Yes, what are we going to do about Holly being out with that—that wolf?" interrupted Wally. "Not to mention about your fair-haired friend, Miss Ames? Just because she helped you set up the Teen Town you've always thought she was perfect spelled with a capital Plus. And then she double-crosses Chet and two-times her fiancé . . ." Wally's

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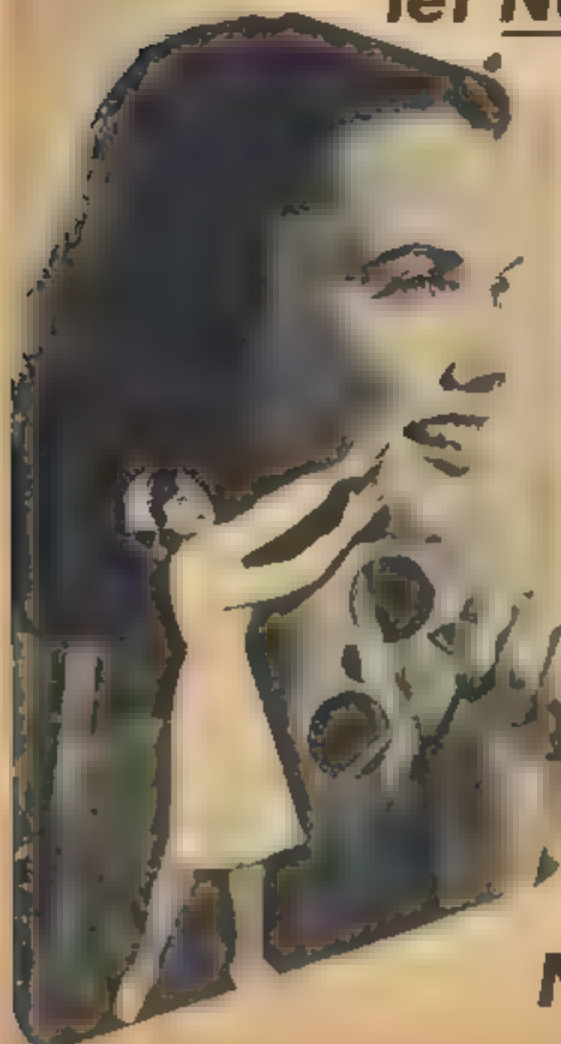
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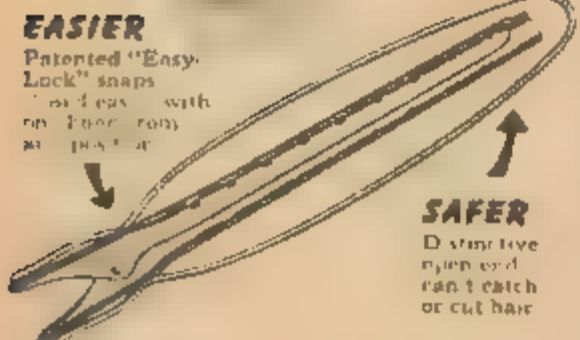
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voice dwindled out in disgust.
"Here they come."
Wally peered at the approaching group. "Sure, Holly and David, happy as can be. And Miss Ames and Cramer, cozy as ever. Fine bunch of wolves and wolverines."
"We'll have to stick to Holly and protect her," Chip just managed to mutter before the others joined them.
They were glued together for the rest of the stay at the park. But Nan had to admit that David was fun, attentive to Holly who was having a wonderful time, and generally gay to have around. As they boarded the boat for the trip home, Nan began to doubt Chip.
"Are you sure it was Miss Ames, and—and David?" she asked Chip.
"Positively," Chip declared. "They were absolutely spotlighted!"
Nan disconsolately followed the others down below decks to the little ballroom where a four-piece orchestra was playing frantically. She danced with Bob and Wally, and then, when Chip cut in, she suggested, "Let's go out and get some air. I have a headache."
The deck was quiet and deserted and they strolled along silently. As they rounded the bulge of windows at the blunt nose of the ship, they saw a couple standing out at the rail along the bow, silhouetted against the dusk.
Chip drew Nan back into the shadows. "Look," he whispered.
Nan stared at the couple. There was no doubt that it was Miss Ames and David. And his arm was around her, and her head rested casually against his shoulder.
Nan turned away and said, "Let's go back to the dance."
Chip left her as soon as they stepped back into the lighted ballroom, and she saw him rush over to talk to Wally. And then the two boys came back to her.
"Some chaperon," Wally grumbled as he came up. "And I tell you that guy's a phony, too. I was speaking to him a little while ago. He wears a gold football on his watch chain, but the initial I saw on it was 'S' and that doesn't begin to spell David or Atkins in my language."
Nan wearily pushed the red hair back from her forehead. "This is all so—so embarrassing."
"And why should we be embarrassed? I think it's about time those two were shown up. Wish I could think of some way to do it."
"If you can't, no one . . ." Nan began, and then her voice trailed off into a mumble. Holly was over by the bandstand, on tiptoe, reaching up to talk to the bandleader.
Nan glanced toward the door where Miss Ames and David were standing, then hastily back to the bandstand where Holly and the band leader were nodding in agreement. The leader signaled his men for a fanfare, there was a blare of sound, and then the orchestra swung into the strains of "Here Comes the Bride."
"Jee-manee!" Wally whistled.

"Look at Holly!"
The band leader had given Holly a hand and was helping her up on the rostrum. The music faded away to a whisper, and Holly stepped to the mike.
"Listen, everybody!" The crowd shuffled forward. "I have some news for you," Holly went on. "You've guessed it. An announcement."
Mr. Cramer had taken Miss Ames' arm and pulled her to the mike. Nan, Chip, and Wally stood off to one side, Nan's face a study in horror.
"She's going to—but she can't!" Nan groaned.
"Why can't she?" Chip demanded.
"Serve 'em right!"
"We have a bride-to-be in our midst," Holly went on gaily. "Let's give her a big hand. Come on up here, Miss Ames, and tell us about the lucky man."
Miss Ames' laughter tinkled out over the applause.
"Smooth article, isn't she?" growled Chip to Nan.
Miss Ames jumped up on the platform. "There's just no keeping a secret around you, so here goes," she said happily. And then she looked down to the spot immediately below the platform where Holly was standing with her date. "Come up here, David Atkins Stuart, and take your bow, too."
David turned, smiled to Holly and stepped up on the platform beside Miss Ames.
Then Miss Ames spoke into the mike. "I wanted all of you to meet and like David Atkins, as you call him, on his own before you felt you had to—I mean, after he's my husband. That's why I asked Holly to bring him along today and not to let the news out until now. I wanted you to know what a wonderful person he is—well, I think so, even though I haven't been seeing much of him lately." She beamed at David and took his hand.
Chet Cramer jumped up beside them. "I'll vouch for him, too, kids. I roomed with him all through college. Dave Stuart was a great football player and he's getting a great gal. I know. He lets me escort her around while he's out of town!"
The whole group was shouting, applauding, and grinning, Holly most of all. Wally patted his hands together feebly, while he nudged Nan and Chip to make them clap, too. He was still speechless when Holly came up to him.
"I suppose you had this planned all the time," Nan accused her.
"Certainly," gloated Holly. "Don't you think it's romantic? And we've had more fun with this game today. We fixed it up while you were down in the locker room yesterday, Nan." Holly giggled.
"Well, you might have told us," scolded Wally. "We were worried about you and that—that guy."
"Worried!" Holly laughed. "Why, Wally, what kind of two-timers do you think we women are?" and she grabbed his arm and dragged him with her onto the dance floor.

SO EASY TO FREEZE

(Continued from page 38)

like in this? Any fresh fruit is good and so are some of the dried ones like chopped dates or grated coconut. Or chopped pecans. All should go in at the mush stage.

Frozen Pineapple Juice

Three cups of sweetened juice plus the usual Simple Syrup, and with the usual stirring at the mush point. Of course the first thing you think of to turn this into a deluxe super-special is chopped marshmallows—maybe 6 or 8. (You can cut them up with the kitchen scissors if you dip them in water often. The scissors, we mean!) And fresh fruit is delicious on a pineapple base.

Any of these treasures will freeze in something under four hours in a normal refrigerator with the cold control turned all the way up. If your refrigerator is sluggish, try moving all the other trays out of the freezer compartment. The other important factor, of course, is how often the door is opened. And if the freezing is slow, you may have to stand by for a second stirring to avoid getting big crystals.

Incidentally, there is a trick you can use on practically any frozen mixture to counteract this rough freezing—beat stiff the white of an egg and fold it in at the mush stage.

Now that you've tried a few bottles, let's go on to the cans. Practically anything that comes in them can be frozen, just as is, and for some reason more than double its appetite appeal. Dump a can of Bing cherries in the ice tray, give them a couple of hours. They look and taste much more like fun than just a can of Bing cherries. The same is true of all the rest of the canned fruits. Nothing could be simpler, and a whipped-cream topping makes them fancy enough for company.

But canned fruits can also turn into ice cream, almost as simply; you just put the whipped cream in, instead of on!

Basic Fruit Ice Cream

Drain the canned fruit and mash it to a pulp. To each cup of fruit pulp add 2 cups of heavy cream whipped stiff with $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of powdered sugar and 1 teaspoon of vanilla. Simply mix them together and freeze just as above, with one stirring to smooth the mixture. This basic proportion is just right for those quick-frozen fresh fruits which can be made into ice cream even more quickly and easily than canned fruits. Some of them come in very heavy syrup, in which case you cut the sugar you add to $\frac{1}{4}$ cup.

For tricks with mixes and a couple of really show-off refrigerator jobs, send a stamped self-addressed large envelope for the leaflet *Freeze Dreams* to Junior Housekeeping Department 42, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

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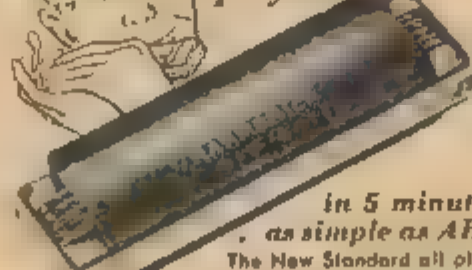
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MAKE WAY FOR McCALLISTER

(Continued from page 9)

evening. No less a star than Katharine Cornell spots him as a likely actor and their few lines from Romeo and Juliet, spoken while Miss Cornell is passing him an orange, provided one of the film's loveliest moments. All this, of course, was written into the script. But what happened to Lon, the fledgling actor, when the stage's greatest Juliet recognized his talent wasn't told on the screen. We happened to be around at the time (Stage Door Canteen was filmed in New York) and saw something of the transformation of a timid boy into a confident screen player. Miss Cornell began by being as gracious to the young newcomer as if he had been the most sought-after leading man on Broadway. She very gently encouraged him, without seeming to do so, to give a good performance. As a matter of fact, we weren't even aware of her artful directing until the film's producer called it to our attention. We wondered, then, if Lon was aware of her kindness. For professional actors are sometimes wont to fight each other all through a scene without the audience's being any the wiser and an inexperienced actor might not realize what a break he was getting. We needn't have worried, however. Lon knew what Miss Cornell was doing and was extremely grateful. This capacity for gratitude to those who have helped him, and his inherent modesty, shine through Lon's characterizations on the screen and make him the most engaging boy-next-door the movies have ever had.

The story of Lon's years in the Army was pretty well told in the picture Winged Victory, which was based on the Army Air Forces Broadway show. So we'll skip Lon's interlude with Uncle Sam as boss, and tell you of our recent interview with his present boss, Robert Bassler. Mr. Bassler is a producer for Twentieth Century-Fox Films. He has produced a whole string of hits, including two recent ones, Homestretch, and Bob, Son of Battle, in which Lon stars with Peggy Ann Garner. Mr. Bassler had been busy answering questions about Lon and about Bob, Son of Battle and telling us what a pleasure it was to work with today's young actors, because most of them wanted perfection in their scenes as much as their director did!

We were just about to nod vigorously and say, "That's just what we've always believed — young people *do* care about their work" — when Mr. Bassler went on to speak of experienced actors who help other actors over rough spots — and of course our thoughts flew immediately to Katharine Cornell. But suddenly we realized that that was ancient history because Mr. Bassler was talking about Lon McCallister and



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Lon's courtesy and gentleness toward young beginners. We knew then that Lon must be putting into practice the old adage "Turn about is fair play" —and we loved him for it!

It seems we're not his only ardent admirers, though. Peggy Ann Garner, who plays with Lon in *Bob, Son of Battle*, also has a soft spot in her heart for the Mighty McCallister. Now Lon is 22 and if you've an older brother, you know that they don't usually take kindly to admiration from a femme fatale of 15. Far from it. So when Mr. Bassler told us that our Peggy Ann, showing amazing discrimination and good taste, followed Lon around the set like a constant shadow, we wondered if Lon's good will had been equal to the strain. Mr. Bassler assured us that Lon went pretty far out of his way to be particularly nice. And Mr. Bassler says Peggy looks awfully cute with stars in her eyes.

The part Peggy Ann played was a difficult one, one that had been given to her only after much deliberation and hemming and hawing by the powers-that-be at 20th Century-Fox. Lon could have played the Big Shot. He didn't. He took it for granted that Peggy Ann would be terrific and made sure that playing with him would be as easy as possible.

You gather, by now, that we like this guy McCallister. And respect him for being a gentleman as well as a conscientious worker. As a matter of fact, we could talk for hours about his acting. It's not flashy; you've never seen him rant and rave. But you've never seen him do a scene that didn't show sincerity, either. It's the kind of acting that comes straight from the actor's heart and tugs at the audience's.

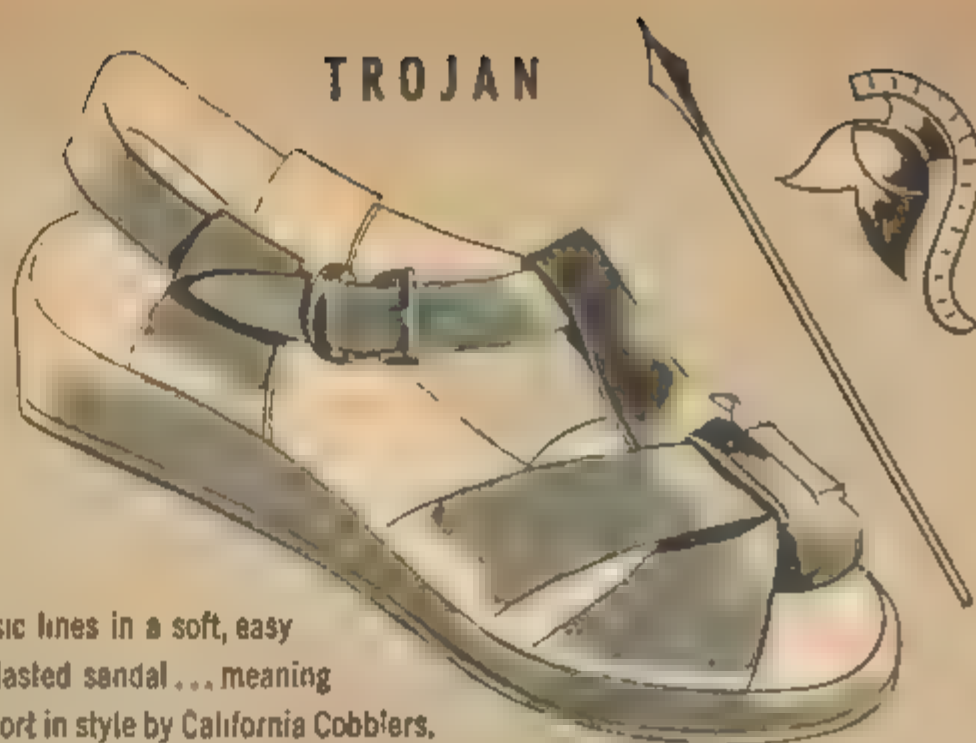
Lon has always played *The Guy Next Door*, and you may think that should be easy. He looks like *The Guy Next Door*, only handsomer. He's the right age and he grew up in Los Angeles. He should know what goes on in the mind and heart of *The Guy Next Door*. But playing recognizable characters is the hardest acting there is.

Acting aside, what is Lon like, you'll want to know. Well, he is a serious sort of person, with a quick smile. He expects young people his age to be firm friends and not to switch loyalties or question what a friend does or believes or says. You ought to be able to judge your acquaintances before they become your friends, Lon believes, and once you choose them, keep them. Of course there's the problem of outgrowing friendships, but that's another matter. What Lon means is that someone who is close to twenty should be *understanding*.

Lon's hobbies are all concentrated in the field of boats—drawing boat plans, charting voyages, and so forth.

Lon's only good luck charm (all actors have at least one!) is a gold identification bracelet.

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HOSTAGES TO FEAR

(Continued from page 28)

about yourself? Do you like yours?"

"Sure thing!"

"What do you do?"

"A little bit of everything," he answered cheerfully. "Mow the grass, help in the stables, feed the dogs, what have you. Mr. Webster likes me, though. Says he's going to raise my wages. Can use!" During summer vacation Val was earning money for college expenses, just as Bunny was.

"It must be your winning personality," she teased. Then, seriously, she leaned forward and lowered her voice. "Val, what's the mystery here?"

He stared at her. "Mystery?"

In quick, short sentences she told him what she had heard. "Who is this Shannon, anyhow?"

"I don't know. But he's been around off and on. I've seen him come out of the house a couple of times."

"Well," Bunny said intently, "haven't you noticed anything queer? He's obviously holding something over them. But what? You knew the Websters before you started to work for them, didn't you?"

"Dad knew Mr. Webster, sort of, in a business way. He spoke to him about my wanting a summer job, and that's how I got it. They're new in these parts—bought the house and had it done over, and moved in a few months ago. But they don't know many people yet."

"Mrs. Webster didn't say half a dozen sentences to me, but I liked her," Bunny confessed. "I felt sorry for her. What's the rest of the family like?"

Val looked stumped for a moment. "Well—nice, that's all. Mr. Webster's a good egg; tells you when he likes something and doesn't expect the impossible. Elspeth's crazy about riding—I just took her horse back to the stable. Toby's a swell kid—asks me one \$64 question after another. He's at that age. It's good for me." He grinned. "Maybe I'll know something myself when I get through answering him!"

Bunny grinned briefly in return, and then sobered. "I can't get it out of my mind," she said. "His voice—cocksure and—and horrid—and the way she answered him. She needs help, and she's frightened."

Val looked at her long and searchingly. She had the odd feeling that he was appraising her.

Then he said slowly, "You can keep things under your hat, can't you?"

"Why, Val? Don't you remember at high, how we . . ."

He nodded, as if satisfied. "Drive outside the gates and wait for me. I'll be along. We can't talk here."

Mystified, Bunny started the car and drove carefully down the long driveway again, her mind seething with questions. She parked near the entrance posts, under a group

of cedars. Val came along shortly, still carrying his rake. He leaned over the door.

"Listen," he said. "I wasn't going to say anything at first. But you got it, too."

"Got what?"

He waved an arm impatiently. "The fact that something's wrong. I've got to talk fast—I'm supposed to be working. There is something queer. Mrs. Webster's being blackmailed, that's what!"

"Blackmailed!" Bunny cried.

She didn't know exactly why she should be so surprised, for it had crossed her mind at once. But it had seemed ridiculous. What could a nice person like Mrs. Webster be blackmailed for?

"That's the mystery," Val admitted. "A fellow can't help overhearing things sometimes. Mr. and Mrs. Webster came out to the stable one day—I guess to get away from the house and prying ears—and they didn't know I was there. It's something in her past—I don't know what. This guy Shannon knows about it. He's holding it over her."

"But why," Bunny inquired, "don't they go to the police?"

"That's it," Val said eagerly. "They don't want the publicity on account of the kids. They're crazy about the kids, of course, and Elspeth and Toby are nuts about the place and their schools and everything. The Websters naturally don't want anything to come out that would wreck their chances here."

"But," Bunny puzzled, "if there's nothing to it..."

"You don't know what people can do," Val said sternly, "when they get hold of something they think is a nice juicy morsel. If something terrible got out—even if it weren't true—it could ruin 'em in a place like this. You know how Bernardstown is. Snooty. They're just getting in—getting acquainted and all that."

"Don't they really know anybody well, anybody they could count on?"

"There's a cousin or something—Roger Houston—who lives near-by. A swell guy! He was the one who got them to settle here, and so he feels pretty awful about the whole business. He's afraid they'll move away if they're scared off, and he's around a lot lately, trying to work on the case. It's all very hush-hush, of course, but I couldn't help putting the pieces together—and that's as far as I've got."

"And now Shannon's been around again, demanding more money," Bunny said thoughtfully. "Oh, Val, I feel so sorry for them! Do you think we could help somehow?"

"Yeah, how?"

"Oh, I don't know—maybe by keeping our eyes and ears open. Maybe we'll get some kind of clue. Where does this Shannon live, anyhow?"

"Puzzle number one," he said. "I don't know—and it's not a thing you can ask."

"Well," Bunny said reluctantly, "I



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have to be getting back. Promise you'll do whatever you can, Val?"

"Promise," he said. "Bye, now. I'll let you know if I unearth anything."

"Same here."

Bunny glanced at the wrist watch her father had just given her—"for my favorite business girl"—and decided she'd have to hurry. Reinette Bosworth wanted to use the car at eleven. But Bunny dawdled along, feeling that she must have at least a few minutes to sort out her thoughts. Her mind shuttled back and forth, coming up against a blank wall each time. She loved mysteries, and had always wanted to be mixed up in one. But somehow this was different. This involved real people, not storybook characters—people whose happiness was threatened. And she had no assurance, the way she'd have in a story, that everything would come out right.

A station wagon shot out of a side road so suddenly that Bunny had to put on the brakes.

"The crazy driver!" she thought angrily as the other car whizzed down the road. "He nearly ran into me!"

Who was it, she wondered? She stepped on the gas, and her car raced after his. As she neared, she recognized the station wagon she had seen in the Websters' drive; and humped over the wheel was the red-haired man, Shannon. You couldn't mistake that hair.

"Now is my chance," she thought. "I'll follow him and find out where he lives. Then I'll know that much, at least." She kept on his tail as best she could, but he must have seen her in his rear-view mirror, for all at once his car seemed to leap forward; he tore down the wide, shady street as if demons were after him. Bunny pressed down hard on the accelerator.

"Just so no cop sees me," she thought, "anyway not till I've found out what I want to know."

They raced down the road, but he was gaining rapidly. He turned suddenly into a side street and Bunny after him, hearing the tires screech in protest. At an intersection he skittered through, leaving her to face a red light.

"Damn!" she said out loud.

She saw him turn another corner. When at last she was free to follow, the car was nowhere in sight. Bunny stopped in the middle of the road and turned around. Well, that was that—and she knew no more than before.

She would have liked to ask Reinette a dozen questions—Reinette seemed to know something about everybody—but she decided against it. And there was really no opportunity; this was a busy season for the House of Bosworth, and the small, dynamic head of it was seven places at once.

It was only the next day that Bunny looked up from her dusting and said, "Isn't that—it is Mrs. Webster. She's with Mrs. Pringle, and

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some man is driving them. They're all coming in."

Mrs. Pringle was a wealthy socialite; it was considered something of an honor to have her take you under her wing, and here she was with Mrs. Webster.

Reinette hurried forward, all smiles. "That's Roger Houston," she murmured under her breath, as she passed. "He's very nice—and a good customer. You can take care of him."

So that was Roger Houston! She'd been wondering what he looked like. He was Mrs. Webster's cousin, or some distant relative, Val had said. He looked nice—tall and impeccably groomed, with dark hair and well-shaped hands and an easy manner. He put Bunny at her ease, seeming to indicate that he was well pleased that she was to show him around while Reinette took care of the ladies.

Bunny noticed that he had an unerring eye for the really good pieces; he pointed out things he liked, asked prices casually, finally decided that he would take a piecrust table, terribly expensive, and he wanted it polished and carefully wrapped, he said, and delivered at his place tomorrow. And then, on a whim, he chose an old lamp, too.

"You may charge them," he said in an offhand manner. Bunny, all agog over her big order, went to speak to Reinette about it.

"He wants to take the lamp along," Bunny said.

"Put it in his car for him," Reinette said briskly.

Bunny tried to take her eyes from Mrs. Webster. How would she look with a thing like blackmail hanging over her? Bunny searched the older woman's face, but could find no clue. It was almost as if she had dreamed the whole thing.

Puzzled, she went for the lamp, packed it carefully in excelsior and carried it out to Roger Houston's car. She went around to the rear door and set the box gently and carefully on the floor.

Then she leaned forward and stared, unbelieving. In a corner lay a lock of hair. She reached out her hand, then quickly drew it back again as if it had been burned. The hair was bright red. She would have recognized it anywhere. Shammon's hair! But what was a lock of it doing on the floor of Roger Houston's car?

(To be continued)

You can dream, can't you—even though this month's "Utterly Fantastic Situation" is on page 46? And you can make it pay off by dreaming up an Utterly Fantastic Situation gag. Send in your original gag to Jabberwocky and Jive Editor, *Calling All Girls*, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y. If it clicks, our artist will draw the cartoon and you will get \$1 on publication. Be sure your name and address appear on each gag. All gags we buy become the property of *Calling All Girls*. None of them can be acknowledged or returned.

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Aurora, Ill.....Black & Kuhl Co.
Austin, Minn.....Stevenson's
Austin, Tex.....Yarling's
Baker, Ore.....C. C. Anderson Company
Baltimore, Md.....Stewart & Co.
Baton Rouge, La.....Godchaux's
Bay City, Mich.....The Sub-Dab Shop
Birmingham, N. Y.....McLean's Dept. Store
Birmingham, Ala.
Lavenom, Joseph & Leeb, Inc.
*Bismarck, N. D.....Robertson's Dept. Store
Boise, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Boston, Mass.....Gilchrist's
Bridgeport, Conn.
The Hawland Dry Goods Co.
Bristol, Conn.....Muzzy Bros. Co., Inc.
Bristol, Tenn.....H. P. King Co.
*Brooklyn, Mass.....Edgar's
*Burlington, Ga.....Altman's Dress Shop
*Buffalo, N. Y.....E. W. Edwards & Son
Burlington, Iowa.....J. S. Schramm Co.
Burlington, Vt. Abernethy Clarkson Wright
Cedar Rapids, Iowa.....The Killian Co.
Centerville, Ill.....The Topper's Store
Champaign, Ill.....W. Lewis & Co.
Charleston, S. C.....The Buehbox
Charleston, W. Va.....The Diamond Store
*Charlotte, N. C.....J. B. Ivey & Co.
Chattanooga, Tenn.....Miller Bros. Co.
Clarksburg, W. Va.....Parsons-Souders Co.
Clarksville, Tenn.....Morton's, Inc.
Cleveland, Ohio.....Wm. Taylor Sons & Co.
*Clinton, Iowa.....John D. Van Allen & Son, Inc.
Colorado Springs, Colo.....Kaufman's, Inc.
Columbia, S. C.

The James L. Tapp Company
Columbus, Ga.....J. A. Klyen Co.
*Columbus, Ohio.....The Union Co.
Connellsville, Pa.....The Troutman Co.
Corpus Christi, Tex.....Randall's
Coshocton, Ohio.....The M. O'Neil Co.
Cumberland, Md.....Rosenbaum Bros., Inc.
Danbury, Conn.....John McLean, Inc.
Danville, Ill.....Black & Kuhl Co.
Danville, Va.....L. Herman
*Daytona Beach, Fla.
Yowell-Drew-Ivey Co.
Decatur, Ill.....Black & Kuhl Co.
Denver, Colo.....Joslin Dry Goods Co.
Derby, Conn.....The Tweed Shop
*Des Moines, Iowa.....Yankers
*Detroit, Mich.....Crowley, Milner & Co.
*Duluth, Minn.....Orack's
Easton, Pa.....Eagle Youth Centre
*Eau Claire, Wis.....The Fashion Store
Egin, Ill.....Ackermann Bros.
Elizabeth, N. J.....R. J. Goerke Co.
Elk City, Okla.....Burr Store
El Paso, Tex.....Popular Dry Goods Co.
Eureka, Calif.....The White House
Evansville, Ind.....Lord's, Inc.
Everett, Wash.....Rumbaugh-McLain
Fairmont, W. Va.....J. M. Hartley & Son Co.
Fairman, N. D.....O. J. Delandredes Co.
Flint, Mich.....The Fair
Florence, S. C.....Balk's Dept. Store
Fond du Lac, Wis.....Hill Brothers
Fort Dodge, Iowa.....Gates Dept. Store
Fort Madison, Iowa.....The Portland
*Fort Smith, Ark.....Hunt Dry Goods Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind.....Grand Leader
*Fort Worth, Tex.....Mannig's
Frankfort, Ind.....M. B. Thrasher Co.
Freeport, Ill.....F. A. Read Co.
Fremont, Nebr.

The Brown-McDonald Company
Gainesville, Fla.....Wilson Co.
Gary, Ind.....H. Gordon & Sons
*Geneva, N. Y.....J. W. Smith Dry Goods Co.
*Glens Falls, N. Y.....Merkel & Goldman
Gloucester, Mass.....William G. Brown Co.
Grand Island, Nebr.....Walbach's
Grand Rapids, Mich.....Herpolzheimer Co.
Great Falls, Mont.....Stroin Brothers
Green Bay, Wis.....H. C. Prange Co.
Greensburg, Pa.....The Bon Ton
Greenville, S. C.....Meyers-Arnold Co.
Hamilton, Ohio.....Wilmers, Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.....Bowman & Co.
Harrisonburg, Va.
The Joseph Hay & Sons Company
Hartford, Conn.....Brown Thomson, Inc.
Hastings, Nebr.....Brach's, Ltd.
Herkimer, N. Y.....Munger's
Hibbing, Minn.....Herberger's, Inc.
Hollywood, Calif.....Broadway Dept. Store
*Holyoke, Mass.....McCullums Dept. Store
*Honolulu, Hawaii.....Jaye's Dept. Store
Hopkinsville, Ky.....Morton's, Inc.
Hornell, N. Y.....Tuttle & Rockwell Co.
Houston, Tex.....Palais Royal
*Huntington, W. Va.
Huntington Dry Goods Co.
Hutchinson, Kans.....Willey Dry Goods Co.
Idaho Falls, Idaho
C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Jackson, Mich.....Stillman Dry Goods Co.
Jackson, Miss.....R. E. Kennington Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.....Cohen Bros.
Jamestown, N.Y. Abrahamson Bigelow Co.
*Johnstown, Pa.....Penn Traffic Co.
Joliet, Ill.....Black & Kuhl Co.
Jonesboro, Ark.
Helmans Dry Goods Co.
Kankakee, Ill.....The Fair Stores Co.
*Kansas City, Mo.....Adler's
Kingston, N. Y.....London's Youth Center
*Knoxville, Tenn.....S. H. George & Sons
La Crosse, Wis.....Stevenson's, Inc.
*Lake Worth, Fla.....Federated Stores
Lancaster, Pa.....M. T. Garvin & Co.
Lewiston, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Lewiston, Me.....S. Peck Co.
*Lexington, Ky.....Ben Snyder, Inc.
Uma, Ohio.....The Leader Store
*Lincoln, Nebr.....Gold & Co.
Logan, Utah.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Long Beach, Calif.....Walker's
Los Angeles, Calif. Broadway Dept. Store
Louisville, Ky. Stewart Dry Goods Company

Lynchburg, Va.....C. M. Guggenheimer
*Lynn, Mass.....Youth World
Macon, Ga.....Burden Smith & Co.
*Madison, Wis.....Harry S. Manchester, Inc.
*Mankato, Minn.....Geo. E. Brett Co.
Manchester, N. H.....James W. Hill Co.
Mansfield, Ohio.....The M. O'Neil Co.
Marysville, Calif.....Jay's Town Shop
Mason City, Iowa.....Eaton's
Mason, Ohio.....The M. O'Neil Co.
Meadville, Pa.....The Crawford Store
*Memphis, Tenn.....S. Lowenstein & Bros., Inc.
*Meridian, Miss.....Alex Loeb, Inc.
Middletown, N.Y. Tompkins Dry Goods Co.
Milwaukee, Wis.....Ed. Schuster & Co.
Minneapolis, Minn.....Powers
Minot, N. D.....Stevenson's
*Mobile, Ala.....Harry's Department Store
Moline, Ill.....Black & Kuhl Co.
*Montgomery, Ala.....The Vanity
Morgantown, W. Va.....Kaufman's
Murfreesboro, Tenn.....Goldstein's
Muskegon, Mich.....Grossman's Dept. Store
Nashville, Tenn.

Castner Knott Dry Goods Co.
Newark, N. J.....Kresge-Newark
New Britain, Conn.....Raphael's
Newburgh, N. Y.....The Sonia
New London, Conn.....The Juvenile Shop
New Orleans, La.....D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd.
New Rochelle, N. Y.....Weber's
*New York, N. Y.....Gimbel Bros.
Norfolk, Va.....Smith & Welford
Norristown, Pa.....Chaffin's Dept. Store
*Northampton, Mass.
McCallum's Dept. Store
Oakland, Calif.....Hale Bros.
Ogden, Utah.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
*Ogdensburg, N. Y.....The Surprise
Oklahoma City, Okla.....John A. Brown Co.
Omaha, Nebr.....Brandels Dept. Store
Oneonta, N. Y.
Bressee's Oneonta Dept. Store
*Orlando, Fla.....Yowell-Drew-Ivey Co.
*Ottawa, Can.
A. J. Freiman Dept. Store, Ltd.
Painesville, Ohio.....Gail G. Grant, Inc.
*Parkersburg, W. Va.....The Surprise Store
Pasadena, Calif.....Broadway Dept. Store
Peterson, N. J.....Quackenbush Co.

Peoria, Ill.....Block & Kuhl Co.
Perry, N. Y.....Royce & Wright
*Phoenix, Ariz.....Korrick's, Inc.
Philadelphia, Pa.....Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburg, Kans.....Ramsay Bros. Stores Co.
*Pittsburgh, Pa.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Pittsfield, Mass.....England Brothers
*Plattsburg, N. Y.....Merkel's
Pontiac, Mich.....Waite's, Inc.
*Portland, Me.....Owen Moore & Co.
Portland, Ore.....Meier & Frank Co.
Portsmouth, Ohio.....Marling Bros.
*Poughkeepsie, N. Y.....Wallace Company
*Providence, R. I.....Cherry & Webb Co.
Pueblo, Colo.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Quincy, Mass.....Gilchrist's
Racine, Wis.....Zahn Dry Goods Co.
Rapid City, S. D.....Baron's
Reading, Pa.....Pomeroy's, Inc.
Redlands, Calif.....The Harris Co.
Richland, Wash.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Roanoke, Va.....S. H. Helronimus Co.
*Rochester, Minn.....Stevenson's, Inc.
*Rochester, N. Y.....E. W. Edwards & Son
Rockford, Ill.....Black & Kuhl Co.
Rockford, Ill.....Hess Bros.
Rock Island, Ill.....Black & Kuhl Co.
Rome, N. Y.....Nelson's
Sacramento, Calif.....Weinstock Lubin
Saginaw, Mich.....Wm. C. Wischmann Co.
St. Cloud, Minn.....Lander's
*St. Cloud, N. B., Canada
Manchester, Robertson, Allison, Ltd.
St. Louis, Mo.....Famous-Barr Co.
St. Paul, Minn.....The Ex-parium
*Salem, Mass.....Youth World
Salt Lake City, Utah.....Auerbach Co.
San Angelo, Tex.
Solomon's Women's Wear
San Antonio, Tex.....Joske's
*San Bernardino, Calif.

The Harris Company
Sandusky, Ohio.....The Cohn Store
San Francisco, Calif.....Hale Bros.
San Jose, Calif.....Hale Bros.
Savannah, Ga.....Leopold Adler
Schenectady, N. Y.....The Carl Co.
Scranton, Pa.....Cleland-Simpson Company
Seattle, Wash.....The Bon Marche
Sheboygan, Wis.....H. C. Prange Co.
Sioux City, Iowa.....Davidson Bros. Co.
*South Bend, Ind.....Robertson's
Spartanburg, S. C.....Collins Dept. Store
Spokane, Wash.....Anderson's
Springfield, Ill.....Myers Bros.
Springfield, Mass.....Forbes & Wallace, Inc.
Springfield, Mo.....Heer's, Inc.
*Springfield, Ohio.....Phillips Company
Stamford, Conn.....C. O. Miller Co.
Steubenville, Ohio.....The Hub
Stroudsburg, Pa.....Zacher's
*Sydney, Nova Scotia.....The Smart Shop
*Syracuse, N. Y.....L. A. Witherill, Inc.
*Tacoma, Wash.....Rhodes Bros.
Toledo, Ohio.....The Lion Dry Goods Co.
*Toronto, Canada.....Northway's
Torrington, Conn.....The W. W. Merz Co.
Trenton, N. J.....S. P. Dunham & Co., Inc.
Tucson, Ariz.....Albert Steinfeld & Co.
Tulsa, Okla.....Fraug's
Twin Falls, Idaho.....C. C. Anderson Stores Co.
Uniontown, Pa.....N. Kaufman's, Inc.
Utica, N. Y.....The Boston Store
*Waco, Tex.....The Goldstein-Miguel Co.
Waltham, Mass.....Gilchrist's
Warren, Pa.....Mergers-Wright Co.
*Washington, D. C.....The Hecht Company
Waterbury, Conn.....Warth's
Watertown, S. D.....Herberger's, Inc.
Waukegan, Ill.....The Main Co.
Wausau, Wis.....Winkelman's
*Welch, W. Va.....A. W. Cox Dept. Store
*Wheeling, W. Va.....Stone & Thomas
*Wichita, Kans.....Buck's, Inc.
*Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Fowler, Dick & Walker
*Williamsport, W. Va.
A. W. Cox Dept. Store
*Williamsport, Pa.....Bratman's
Wilmington, Del.....Kennard, Pyle Co.
Wilmington, Ohio.....The H. H. Thorne Co.
Winona, Minn.....Stevenson's
Winston-Salem, N. C.....The Anchor Co.
Woonsocket, R. I.....McCarthy's
*Worcester, Mass.....Denholm & McKay Co.
Yakima, Wash.....Barnes Woodin Co.
*York, Pa.....P. Wiest's Sons
*Youngstown, Ohio.....G. M. McKelvey Co.
*Zanesville, Ohio.....H. Weber Sons & Co.

HOW YOU'D LIKE TO LOOK THIS SUMMER



YOU'D like to look like your brand new cover girl, Jane Werner, wouldn't you? She's fifteen years old, she weighs a neat 100 pounds. To prove that you don't have to be a long-stemmed American Beauty to become a cover girl, Jane is just five feet four inches high. She's a hard-working freshman at Scarsdale High in Scarsdale, N. Y., and commutes to New York for her modeling assignments after school. Her favorite song this year is "The Old Lampighter"; her favorite screen actor, Guy Madison, and actress, Ingrid Bergman; her favorite book, "Rebecca"; and she gives her personal Oscar to "The Yearling" as the best movie of the year.

We get lots of letters from you about our cover girls. Won't you write and tell us how you like Jane?

Jane's wearing a black and white one-piece cotton frock by Teens Paige, about \$9 at D. H. Holmes Co., Ltd., New Orleans, La., and Dunham's, Trenton, N. J., and many stores on this page. She's wearing Dynamite lipstick and nail polish by Revlon. Kodachrome by William Ward.

*Stores which sponsor the official CALLING ALL GIRLS Club of the Air

If your city is not listed here, write for name of store to Fashion Department, CALLING ALL GIRLS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



I simply adore
Maybelline mascara -
it's the most important
part of my daily
make-up -
Joan Leslie

HOLLYWOOD DISCOVERS *New Improved* DRENE!

*Now! The Miracle Shampoo
that lets your hair
Shine like the Stars!*

IDA LUPINO, glamorous Hollywood star, says: "It's simply wonderful the way new Drene brings out *all* the brilliance in my hair." Now . . . you, too, can have hair that shines like the stars,

For this amazing shampoo discovery brings out *all* the glorious brilliance . . . awakens *all* the natural highlights . . . reveals *all* the shimmering lustre that may now be hidden by dulling soap film. Yes! You can have hair that shines like the stars, tonight . . . if you take Ida Lupino's advice, and shampoo with new, improved Drene, today!

New Improved Drene doesn't dry-out hair!
Leaves hair far easier to manage!

Actually preferred in tests by hundreds of women. New, improved Drene does not dry-out your hair. Instead, its fragrant, freshening whipped-cream lather leaves your hair seductively soft, sublimely smooth, far easier to set, curl and arrange right after shampooing.

You owe it to your hair to try this miracle shampoo. Ask for it today!

New, improved Drene is at your dealer's now in the familiar blue-and-yellow package.

NEVER BEFORE DRENE COULD ANY SHAMPOO PERFORM ALL OF THESE MIRACLES:

Reveals All the Lustre in Your Hair • Leaves Hair far Easier to Manage

Does Not Dry-out Hair • Removes Unsightly Dandruff • Luxurious Instant Lather

For All Types of Hair • No Acid After-rinses Needed • Flower-fresh Fragrance

NEW IMPROVED

Drene

SHAMPOO

FOR ALL TYPES OF HAIR

